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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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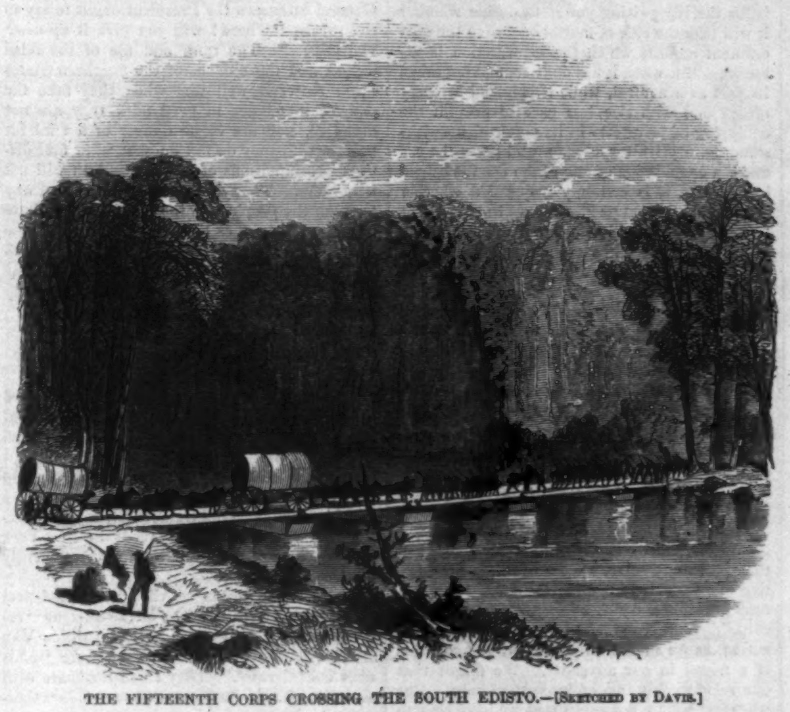
THE WEIGHT OF THE FEDERAL ARMIES.

THE armies of the Union are bearing down heavily upon Richmond—the great military centre upon which the revolutionists have drawn back for their last convulsive efforts against the United States Government. For almost a year Lieutenant-General GRANT has confronted the principal army of the Confederacy with a force so strong as to make any depletion of that army perilous to the safety of Richmond. Not for one moment has the tenacity of his hold been relaxed; even the old move of the rebels down the Valley against Washington proved ineffectual to turn him from the gates of the doomed capital. How long he might have to wait thus he knew not, but he knew that he was compelling the concentration of the best portion of the rebel force against himself, and that the battles which SHERMAN was conducting in the West would have to be fought without any help from LEE. He knew that from the battle of Donelson the advance of our Western armies had been a series of flank movements on Richmond. The movement of HOOD northward after the capture of Atlanta and his defeat by THOMAS was the turning-point in our favor. From that point the great flank movement under SHERMAN progressed with almost incredible velocity, meeting with no considerable resistance, from Atlanta to Savannah, and thence into North Carolina.

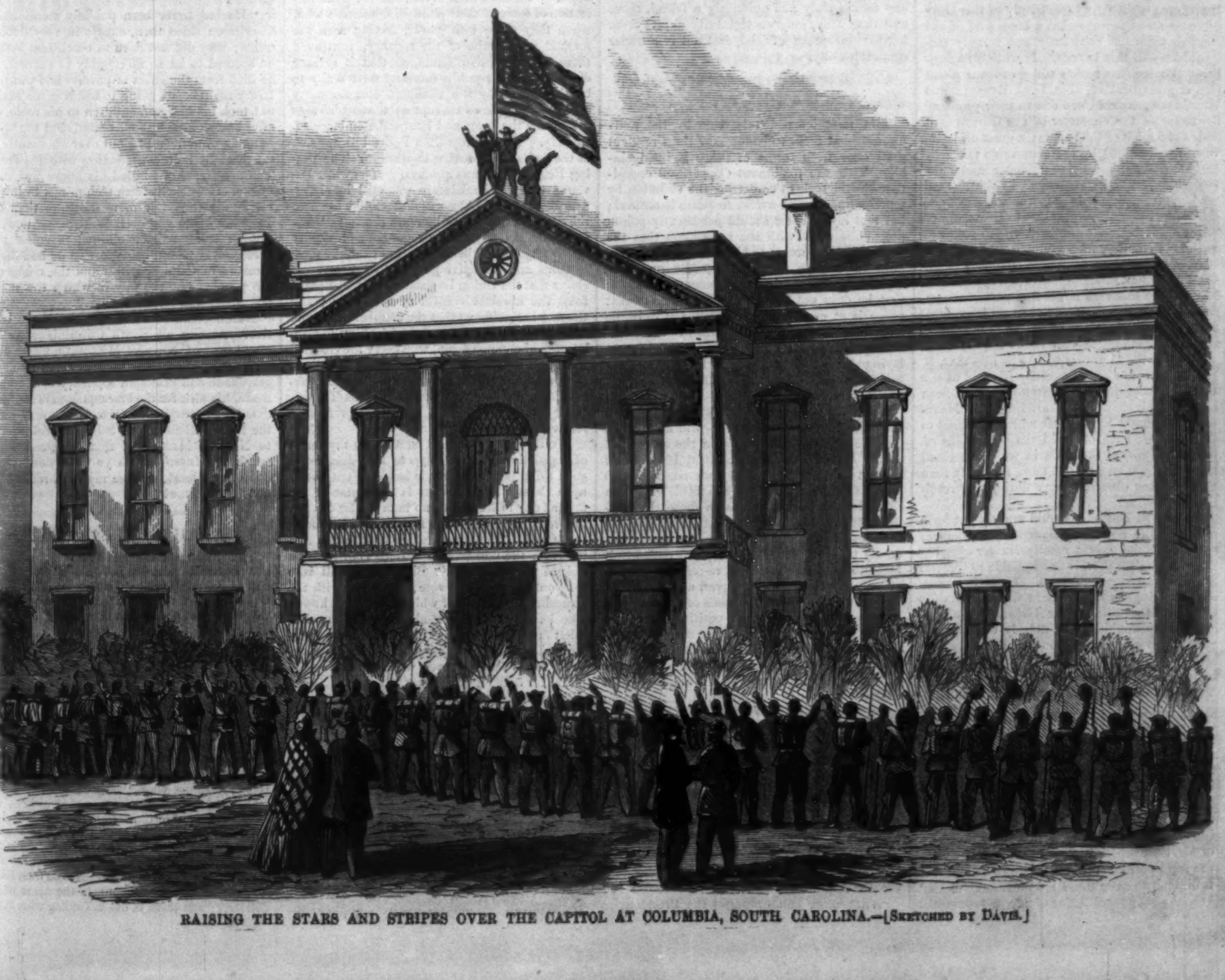
The rebels may compare this movement to the flight of an arrow, if they please, but it was none the less a successful flank movement on Richmond. Besides, it was not like the flight of an arrow, except in the matter of ease and velocity. It has secured our possession of all the sea-ports and all the great rivers of the South. It has completely destroyed the Georgia and South Carolina systems of railroads; and it has effected these great objects, for which a dozen battles might well have been fought, without a single important struggle.



THE FIFTEENTH CORPS CROSSING THE SOUTH EDISTO.—[SKETCHED BY DAVIS.]

But SHERMAN'S and GRANT'S armies are not the only ones available in the combinations against Richmond. There is SHERIDAN'S splendid corps of cavalry already with GRANT; there is HANCOCK'S veteran corps, which, with the army of Western Virginia, constitutes a formidable army north of Richmond; and it is not impossible that the force which THOMAS has been organizing in the vicinity of Eastport will also take part in this final struggle of the war. We have, it is true, in the earlier stages of the war, had in the field a larger number of men than we now have, and we have before formed combinations which in themselves were quite as formidable as those now forming. But power is measured by resistance: and in order to estimate the weight of the armies now operating against LEE, it must be considered how weak is the resistance which he can oppose to them. In some sort this power of resistance has been tested. For, even if we allow that for the sake of concentration it was better for BEAUREGARD, BRAGG, and HARDEE to fall back into co-operation with LEE, it still remains true that this concentration has not enabled JOHNSTON to resist even SCHOFIELD'S column with any success. And the test thus afforded is a fair one, for there was the opportunity to fight SCHOFIELD alone; and it was most desirable that he should be defeated before he should be joined by SHERMAN.

The battle of last Saturday before Petersburg shows what LEE may hope to accomplish by hurling his columns against GRANT'S fortifications. His loss upon that occasion more than decimated his army. Half a dozen more such battles would leave him no army to fight with. In a few days it will no longer be an exaggeration to speak of Richmond as besieged. To prevent this complete in-



RAISING THE STARS AND STRIPES OVER THE CAPITOL AT COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA.—[SKETCHED BY DAVIS.]

vestment is the work assigned to Johnston. But it is a work to which his force is inadequate. Indeed how can Lee expect Johnston to defeat Sherman while he must confess himself unable to defeat Grant. As Sherman pushes forward, flanking Johnston out of Raleigh and completing the siege of Richmond, the choice is given to Lee either to fight against terrible odds or to capitulate.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, April 8, 1865.

OUR RELATIONS WITH ENGLAND.

It is a very instructive recreation to compare the late debate upon the American question in the British House of Commons and that upon the Laird privateers in the same body two years ago. At that time Lord Russell and Sir Roundell Palmer announced that although privateers were constantly equipping and escaping from English ports, yet the Government had done all that the law required, while Lord Palmerston, with jaunty insolence, said that the Government had no thought whatever of asking a change in the law. The British Government thought the United States were in extremity, and politely sneered. It was very exasperating to us; yet we have no reason to suppose that had England been in extremity we should have done very differently.

The radically different tone of the recent debate is the result of success. It was the sincere opinion of Mr. Gladstone, Chancellor of the Exchequer, that no government in existence was strong enough to subdue so enormous a rebellion as that of the slave interest against the Union. He was confident that England could not do it, that France could not do it. He was sure that the United States could not do it. He and his colleagues spoke from that conviction. But when, after four years, they see that it is being done—when they reflect upon the triumphant army and navy which this Government has organized, and remember how unfriendly their official action has been, they naturally ask what are the chances of war with the United States; and the pliant Palmerston hastens to agree gingerly with John Bright, and to say that he is satisfied England will not give to America any just cause of complaint.

There is evidently much more apprehension of war in England than in this country. We are very sure that except for serious and stringent cause, which does not now exist, there will be no difficulty. That public opinion in this country considers the British Government to have made unfriendly haste in granting the rebels belligerent rights—that the British ministers have spoken very offensively of this Government and the war—that a large part of the English press has constantly and meanly maligned us—all this is true. It will be remembered, but neither nation will go to war about it. A great deal of what Lord Russell and Mr. Gladstone said was due to their profound ignorance of the character of our Government and of the spirit of the people; a great deal also was to be justified by the statements made by Mr. Dallas, the retiring minister under the Buchanan administration, and by the general tendency of opinion in American commercial circles. A great deal also was to be explained by the natural delight of every civilized power at seeing the country, whose foreign ministers had gravely proposed to rob other countries in the Ostend circular, suddenly convulsed by civil war. Nor will the historian forget that part of the political stock in trade of the party so long dominant in this country was an appeal to prejudices against England. A very slight acquaintance with our political annals will show him that, if England has not been especially friendly to the United States, the United States have not been impracticably charitable toward England. Meanwhile no honest Englishman will be disposed to deny that we have observed the obligations of neutrality during the wars in which England has recently been engaged more faithfully than England has observed them during the rebellion.

That Lord Russell should gravely put forth a pain in Sir Somebody Something's stomach, as an explanation of a rebel privateer escaping from an English port, is as laughable as General Scott's hasty plate of soup. In plain words, that the English Government were as anxious to prevent the sailing of the *Alabama* three years ago as they would be now nobody will pretend. Such a ship would, under no circumstances, now be allowed to leave an English port. But it was as possible to prevent it then as now: and the honorable obligation of neutrality was not less binding upon England in our dark day than it is in the sunshine of national success. England resorts to a technical defense of her neutral conduct. But had she believed from the beginning that we were sure to conquer, she would not have been satisfied with technicalities.

One of the firmest and most intelligent friends of the United States in England writes: "I can not altogether concur in your admiration of Mr. Seward's dispatch in the Bahia affair: the legal positions in which I think he will find it difficult to sustain. I am most anxious that both the rights and duties of neutrals should be enlarged, but we ought to be careful of confounding between what the law *is*, and what we wish it to be. I have seen no warrant, either in the works of any publicist or in the decision of any prize court, for regarding the *Alabama* and her companions as 'pirates.' I should be very glad to see such produced. Nor do I think there is any valid ground for the complaints of your Government on the score of our conceding maritime belligerence to the Confederates......However, I can not believe that there is any thing between us which may not and will not be ultimately settled......if in the mean time the two nations can contrive to keep their tempers."

This is written in the most excellent and friendly spirit, and that which we believe will control the settlement of all differences with England. The objections the letter suggests are surely not destitute of reason. A pirate, for instance, is an ocean robber, stealing and destroying without a legal commission. But when an insurgent is recognized as a belligerent his right to wage war is acknowledged; and if he have a long sea-coast, it is not easy to refuse him recognition as a maritime belligerent. It is for the recognizing power to decide whether it will take the risk of mortal offense to the government against which the insurrection is directed. But when it has done so, and has taken its part as a neutral, while it is bound by every means and with sleepless care to prevent the equipping of privateers in its ports, if, notwithstanding, a privateer escapes, and roves the sea under a commission of one of the acknowledged belligerents, it is certainly a question whether she is properly and technically a pirate.

This is but one illustration of the arguments which may be urged for the conduct of the British Government during the war. Yet with the openly confessed sympathies of the majority of Parliament, and the tone of the speeches of the British Ministers, it is hardly possible that when the authorities were so favorable to the evasion of the law the law should have been vigilantly enforced. British action may indeed be saved by the letter, but it has flagrantly violated the spirit.

The change in British opinion wrought by the development of the war is natural and will be seen with pleasure, although, of course, with a little contempt, by all faithful American citizens. Washington long ago told us in his Farewell Address: "There can be no greater error than to expect or calculate upon real favors from nation to nation. It is an illusion which experience must cure, which a just pride ought to discard." We were shocked by the British official action, as we should have been by the coldness of a friend in our adversity. We forgot that our relation was one of interest merely. But whenever we are conscious that we have been to any nation truly and uniformly a friend, then, and then only, may we rightfully expect from her the conduct of a friend, and not of a trader or a selfish ally.

AMNESTY.

The mischief which is done by the well-meaning but foolish clamor that the President shall offer fresh terms of peace is incalculable. That the malignant Copperhead opposition should seek to embarrass the situation by representing him as averse to peace is natural; but that loyal papers should persistently poison the public mind with the impression that the President is reluctant or obtuse in the matter is most unfortunate. To destroy public confidence in the chief executive by incessant complaint that he does not act wisely; to insinuate that peace is at every moment possible if only the President chose; to declare that the rebels are merely waiting for a kind word from him before laying down their arms, is to be guilty of the greatest injustice to him and the gravest injury to the country.

The President has already several times declared to the rebels and the world all that he has the authority to say upon the subject of peace. On the 8th of December, 1863, under the act of Congress which authorized him to promise pardon and amnesty to rebels with such exceptions and conditions as he chose, the President issued his amnesty proclamation. By this act he pardoned all rebels who should solemnly take and faithfully keep the oath of allegiance to the Government, restoring all rights of property except as to slaves, and excepting from the pardon certain classes of persons who have held civil or military positions, and who had treated our colored soldiers, seamen, laborers, and officers otherwise than as prisoners of war. Last summer he repeated the substance of this offer in saying to whom it might concern that submission to the laws and emancipation were the conditions of peace. On the 6th of December, 1864, the President in his Message renewed the offer of amnesty of the previous year, announcing, however, that the time might come when public duty would demand that the door of grace should be closed. On the 3d of February, at Hampton Roads, he repeated the conditions plainly: the restoration of the national authority, no modification of his position upon the slavery question, and no cessation of hostilities without a final disbanding of the insurgent armies.

What more can or ought the President to do? "What we desire of the President," says one man, "is that he clear it [the subject] of all ambiguities, by publicly setting forth precisely what the Southern people hitherto in revolt against the Federal authority are to gain or save by promptly throwing down the weapons of rebellion and returning to loyalty and peace." This is exactly what the President has done, and repeated, and reiterated. It is just as well known to-day to every man who cares to know it as it could be if it were announced twice a week. His amnesty is addressed to the rank and file of the rebel army, to the deluded people of the South. It could not be clearer or more complete. More than he offers he ought not to offer, nor would public opinion justify. As a citizen of the United States he may believe, as we do, that there is no desire of blood or revenge in the hearts of loyal men. But as President he certainly ought not to say that Davis, Hunter, & Co. shall not be indicted, tried, and punished for treason. The pardoning power is not a dispensing power.

There is no conceivable good end to be accomplished by insisting that with every step of General Sherman the President ought to say to the rebels, "There! will you give it up *now?* Do, please." The rank and file of the rebel armies and the citizens of the Southern States know perfectly well that when they take the oath of allegiance in good faith they are not molested, and are in no danger of a trial for treason. If they do not know it, after four distinct proclamations of the fact, a fifth will not help them. To say that our armies open a way to reach the people with the fifth is idle, because as fast and as far as they go the amnesty goes with them. When the President is ready to offer other conditions and exceptions he will say so. Until then humanity and national dignity require him to do exactly what he is doing.

NEW YORK LEGISLATION.

It is customary to revile the Legislature of New York as the most venal body in the country. At the Chicago Convention of 1860, which nominated Mr. Lincoln, the most serious opposition to the nomination of Mr. Seward sprang from the fear which extended from Maine to Iowa that his election would transfer Albany to Washington. The whole country reads the New York papers, and New York politics are consequently universally familiar.

The bad reputation of Albany, as a political centre, dates from the days of the ancient "regency" of the Democratic party, in which Van Buren, Marcy, and Croswell were "eminent confederates." They ruled the State with severity. Their system was Stafford's "thorough." Its most fatal result was the demoralization of some of their political opponents who, when they came into power, having seen the method and results of the regency, continued them under another name, so that it seemed doubtful whether public morality were really to be the gainer by the change. But no party could possibly be so corrupt as that which was tainted by the long and loathsome embrace of Slavery. The Metropolitan Police bill was one of the fruits of improving legislation. The Voting Registry law was another. Meanwhile the venality of the Legislature was still loudly affirmed, but the Lobby was less confident; and the defeat of the bill to increase the rates of the Central Railroad must be regarded as a victory of the majority of the Legislature over the most specious and seductive power in the State. It shows that the Union Legislature is emancipated from the absolute control of the Lobby; and the fact is significant that the members who vote and talk against every measure looking to Constitutional emancipation, who decry the Government and sympathize with the rebellion, throw their votes for monopoly and jobbery as for slavery and aristocracy: "Consistent," as Thackeray said of George I., "in their preference for every kind of corruption."

We do not presume to fathom the mysteries of legislation, nor to suppose that because a good thing is done virtue is suddenly enthroned upon Capitol Hill. What is to become of the myriad city railroad bills no man is wise enough to foresee, although many may be foolish enough to foretell. The complication of interests and motives; the understanding that Tom shall be tickled if he will tickle Bill; that I will vote for yours if you will vote for mine; with the unhesitating bribery of which every man knows who knows any thing—all these prevent implicit faith that truth is the only end the legislators have in view, and justice their only desire. In all that, however, we thank any Legislature for doing a good thing.

There are two other bills which we hope may become laws. The Metropolitan Sanitary bill is of primary importance. It is the beginning of the only municipal reform which is truly radical. While the work proposed by it remains undone, all other effort for the reduction of taxes and the cleansing of the city government is useless. No argument can enforce the facts presented in the address of Dr. Smith, to which we alluded last week. Intelligence is impossible while men are imbruted, and without intelligence there is no political improvement.

The other bill is that creating a Paid Fire Department. Whatever the advantages of the present method, and however great the merit of many volunteer firemen, the system is not wise or safe. It has been abundantly tried and found wanting. It is not credible that good men who now serve as volunteers would not serve if they were paid honest wages for honest work; and that public morality, order, and industry would be the losers if "bunking" disappeared, they may believe who will.

The Senate has appointed a committee to investigate the condition of the city administration. The character of its members is the certificate of its earnestness and ability. All these measures show that there is a disposition in the Legislature to deal honorably and effectively with the public interests. But the Assembly, annually elected, is less truly responsible than the people. Every honest man in the State is interested that honest and capable men go to Albany. It is an enormous sacrifice for any man to leave his home and business and sit in the Assembly; but in every district in the State there are some men in easy circumstances, and of character universally respected, and from them the sacrifice should be demanded.

A SOUTH CAROLINA HERO.

"There was a man in Charleston," says a private letter from South Carolina—"Nelson Mitchell by name, who died about eight months ago, leaving, I believe, a wife and two children poor and uncared for......From the beginning he has reasoned with the people, and that openly, about the whole matter. Twice he was sentenced to be hung by a secret Military Commission, but the authorities never could find a man to do the work. A lawyer by profession, and an anti-slavery man by education, he undertook a task which ought ever to make his memory honored by the negroes and those interested in their condition. After the unsuccessful assault upon Wagner in July, 1863, a military court was convened to try the black prisoners captured from the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts regiment. It was decided after some delay that military courts had no jurisdiction in the case, and that the matter should be handed over to the State. Mitchell volunteered as counsel for the men, and after five months' trial he gained his point and convinced a South Carolina jury that these men were free. To do this you can imagine how fearlessly this brave soul must have worked. An intelligent quadroon told me that he was present during the last ten or twelve sessions, and that Mitchell's eloquence was perfectly startling; at any rate, it had the effect of awakening the jury so much to the importance of the decision that I suppose they were really frightened into a favorable verdict.

"He has never been publicly mentioned at Charleston since then, except in very doubtful terms; they did not dare to touch him because he seemed to be so thoroughly in earnest, and he died from the effect of poverty and want...... Every night before going to bed Nelson Mitchell took his wife and children to his room, and, after having locked the door and shut the blinds, hung an American flag out over his mantle and sat there by it in conversation with his family. The evening that he died his house was struck by one of our shells from Cummings Point, and his family thus left more destitute than ever. They are being very well looked after now, and I don't think will be allowed to suffer much hereafter......For all this service he had the displeasure of the authorities and the coldness of the people; but the way in which the negroes talk about him is very tender."

Nothing can be added to this simple narrative. Among all South Carolinians we have ever heard of, Nelson Mitchell alone seems truly chivalric. Through all the intolerable gasconade and inhuman sophistry of the absurd State, his plea for the black prisoners is the sole ennobling sound. Is it to Calhoun, and to the fine gentlemen and ladies his followers, or to Nelson Mitchell, that the great Master speaks: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me?"

A FULL EXPLANATION.

The Richmond *Whig* solemnly says that the slaves should be organized into military companies as soon as possible. "The act of Congress," urges this wise counselor, "and any State legislation bearing on the subject should be fully explained to them."

That will be very easily done. The act is very short, and the last section provides that the soldiers shall remain slaves unless their masters emancipate them. There will be no difficulty whatever in making them comprehend the case. They are to be organized, drilled, sent into the camp, the trenches, and the field. They are to fight the Yankees who have declared they shall be free, and as a reward for fighting them they are to remain slaves, and their children's children after them, forever. If this programme, when "fully explained," does not make efficient soldiers of them, what will?

The universal testimony of all our officers in the field, and of those who have traveled through the interior of the South as they escaped from rebel prisons, is that the slaves are the truest friends of the Union, and know the Yankees to be their friends. The name of Massa Linkum is the name of their deliverer; and there is not a Yankee who, finding

himself within the rebel lines, would not unhesitatingly trust himself to the slaves. The reason of this is plain enough. It is that men love liberty and not slavery. It is that, despite the blissful friendship in which the "kind masters" and "happy slaves" live, a man wishes to own himself, and does not wish another man to sell his wife or his daughter. Therefore, says the Richmond *Whig*, as the slaves constantly want to run away to freedom, and the vile North will not send them back again, and as we have rebelled to keep them hopelessly in slavery, let us fully explain to them that if we conquer they shall never be free, and "an army of negro troops will soon be raised."

AN APPALLING FACT.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—The most appalling incident of SHERMAN'S march is recorded in the Richmond *Whig* of March 23. That paper says that Mr. WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS, whose house was protected by our troops and was afterward destroyed by a negro who "applied a torch," succeeded in saving *over one hundred volumes of his manuscript works!* Good Heavens! Mr. Editor, if LEE and "the Confederacy" wish to be safe against all attack, why don't they intrench themselves behind those works? SHERMAN'S men are heroes, but I should like to see them undertake to get through one hundred volumes of SIMMS'S manuscript works! We are told that the road to Kinston was strewn with torpedoes. That was bad; but just think of "a Confederacy" strewn with this fearful quantity of SIMMS'S literature! No wonder the rebel papers speak of a general depression of the public mind.

Yours respectfully,
CATO THE YOUNGER.

DR. LIVINGSTONE'S SON.

THE son of the famous African traveler was a sailor, and, as the London *News* says, was induced by a substitute broker in an American port to enlist in the Third New Hampshire Volunteers. He is known to have been in the skirmish before Richmond on the 7th of October, 1864, and has not been heard of since. If he has been taken prisoner, it is hoped that, through mention in our papers, he may become aware of his father's great anxiety to hear of him before returning to Africa.

LITERARY.

THE HARPERS will immediately issue the "History of Julius Cæsar," by the Emperor LOUIS NAPOLEON, from the advance sheets bought in London.

The same house has just published the second and last volume of the "Autobiography and Correspondence of Lyman Beecher." It is a thoroughly American book. Dr. BEECHER'S character and career were peculiarly those of the American Puritan, and his history is full of interest in many ways. As a sketch of the religious movement of a half century it is very valuable, while the shrewd eye and wide sympathy of his children, who contribute much of the material for the biography, give us many delightful glimpses of country clerical life during the same period.

The late WILLIAM L. STONE was one of the most eminent of our local historical scholars and authors. His interest in the Indian annals and our relations with the Indians was profound, and his knowledge was so extensive and accurate that his works upon the subject have a permanent value. Mr. STONE'S sympathy was so heartily appreciated by the red men that the Senecas adopted him as one of their chiefs. For some years before his death he had projected a Life of Sir WILLIAM JOHNSON, and had collected abundant material, including a large portion of Sir WILLIAM'S manuscripts; but soon after beginning the biography Mr. STONE died. His son, of the same name, has piously fulfilled his father's work, and in two goodly volumes has related the story of Sir WILLIAM and his times. The material was copious, and has been conscientiously and skillfully used. Mr. STONE has made a valuable contribution to the history of the country, and especially to that of New York. If two volumes seem too much for the subject, we have only to remember that Sir WILLIAM came to America in 1738, when he was twenty-three years old, and died here in 1774, in his sixtieth year; and we shall see that his residence included the most interesting period of our colonial history with the long French and English wars, which properly pass under the biographer's hand. In all the striking events of his time upon our side of the sea, Sir WILLIAM was a conspicuous actor. No man knew the Indians better; nor did the Indians ever trust a white man more than they trusted him. "He never deceived us," was what they said of him; and what can be said of scarcely one of the leading men who dealt with them. Mr. STONE'S narrative, if it lies much in the forests and upon the frontier, is picturesquely broken by such episodes as ABERCROMBIE'S campaign and that of General WOLFE at Quebec, and by constant vivid glimpses of the course of city and country politics in New York and New England. The whole work has a charming air of authenticity. It is written in a lucid and quiet style, and with a tranquil enthusiasm for the subject which alone could have sustained the author in his long and patient research. (J. MUNSELL, Albany.)

"Tony Butler" (HARPERS) is a novel of unusual excellence. It deals with the times, and so vividly, that it has been ascribed to Sir BULWER LYTTON and CHARLES LEVER. It is full of striking description, of variety, and adventure: the scene shifting from the city to the country, from Italy to England. Brief and spirited, it is a capital book for the cars and the club.

"The American Union Speaker," by JOHN D. PHILBRICK, Superintendent of the Public Schools of Boston, is a good, solid, handsome book of fresh and excellent selections, in prose and poetry, for declamation in schools and colleges. Those who remember the American First Class Book will find here enough of the best of its contents to see that mere novelty is not preferred; while the generous selections from the most modern and most American of orators will serve as an inspiration of patriotism and humanity in every school where the volume is used. As a collection of truly elegant and eloquent extracts it is unsurpassed, while its peculiarly American character makes it doubly valuable. (TAGGARD & THOMPSON, Boston.)

"Christian's Mistake," by the author of "John Halifax" (HARPERS), is one of those tender domestic tales in which Miss MULOCK is quite unrivaled. It is simple, natural, and pathetic, gradually developing into a pleasant and healthful ending: one of the books which, without preaching in the least, are sure to do good. Clearly printed and very neatly bound, it is sure of a hearty welcome.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE WAR IN NORTH CAROLINA.

ON the 21st General Schofield occupied Goldsborough. General Sherman was at Goldsborough on the 22d.

The official report of his operations since he left Fayetteville up to the 22d shows hard fighting, resulting in very heavy loss to the enemy in killed and wounded, and over 2000 prisoners in our hands. His own loss he says will be covered by 2500 men since he left Savannah. Many of them are but slightly wounded. A letter from Goldsborough says that the scene when Sherman's veterans marched in and met Schofield's men was enthusiastic beyond description. The gallant fellows had swept every thing before them, and had at last met their reinforcements and supplies at a new base, and after having won new victories. Schofield's corps, it will be recollected, was a part of Sherman's army down to the capture of Atlanta.

The junction of Sherman with Terry and Schofield took place at Cox's Bridge on the Neuse River, a few miles west of Goldsborough.

An unofficial dispatch states that the Fourteenth Corps of Sherman's army had a fight with Hardee at Averysborough on the 16th inst., in which the latter was handsomely defeated, leaving all his dead in General Davis's hands, and retreating to Bentonville. Also, that at Bentonville, on Sunday, the 19th inst., one division of the Fourteenth Corps was attacked by Johnston, and for a while turned back; but on being reinforced, the rest of the divisions drove the enemy back, and during Sunday night he abandoned Bentonville and fell back across the Neuse River to Smithfield, some ten miles west of Goldsborough. This dispatch concludes with the statement that after his repulse at Bentonville, Joe Johnston fell back to Smithfield, to cover Raleigh. Desertions of North Carolina troops from his army were numerous.

LEE'S ATTACK ON GRANT'S LINES.

On Saturday, March 25, early in the morning, four of Lee's divisions, under General Terry, attacked Meade's right before Petersburg. They had at first a partial success, capturing Fort Steadman and a portion of the line adjacent. They failed, however, in an attempt on Fort Haskell. The attempts of the Federal troops to regain Fort Steadman appear to have been unsuccessful at the first, but finally the enemy was repulsed with great loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners. The following dispatch from General Parke gives the details of the fight:

CITY POINT, VIRGINIA.—1.30 P.M., *March 25, 1865*.

Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War:

The following dispatch of General Parke is received from General Meade. U. S. GRANT, Lieut.-General.

The enemy attacked my front this morning, at about 4.30 o'clock, with three divisions, under command of General Terry.

By a sudden rush they seized the line held by the Third Brigade, First Division, at the foot of the hill to the right of Fort Steadman, wheeled and overpowering the garrison, took possession of the fort.

They established themselves upon the hill, turning our guns upon us.

Our troops on either flank stood firm.

Afterward a determined attack was made upon Fort Haskell, which was checked by part of M'Laughlin's brigade, Wilcox's division, and was repulsed with great loss to the enemy.

The First Brigade of Hartrauft's division, held in reserve, was brought up, and a check given to any further advance.

One or two attempts were made to retake the hill, and were only temporarily successful, until the arrival of the Second Brigade, when a charge was made by that brigade, aided by the troops of the First Division on either flank, and the enemy were driven out of the fort, with the loss of a number of prisoners, estimated at about 1600. Two battle-flags have also been brought in.

The enemy also lost heavily in killed outside o. our lines.

The whole line was immediately reoccupied, and the guns retaken uninjured.

I regret to add that General M'Laughlin was captured in Fort Steadman.

Our loss otherwise was not heavy.

Great praise is due to Hartrauft for the gallantry displayed in handling his division, which behaved with great skill in this its first engagement.

JOHN G. PARKE, Major-General.

According to a later dispatch from Grant, dated March 27, the battle of the 25th resulted in the following losses on our side:

Second Corps.—Killed, 51; wounded, 462; missing, 177.

Sixth Corps.—Killed, 47; wounded, 401; missing, 30.

Ninth Corps.—Killed, 68; wounded, 338; missing, 506.

Our captures by the Second Corps were 365; by the Sixth Corps 469; and by the Ninth Corps 1049. The Second and Sixth Corps pushed forward on our extreme left, and captured the enemy's strong intrenchments and turned his guns against him, and still held the position. In trying to retake this the battle was continued until 8 o'clock at night, the enemy losing very heavily. Humphreys estimates the loss of the enemy in his front at three times his own; and General Wright, in his front, as double that of ours. The enemy brought in a flag of truce for permission to collect his dead, which were between their picket line and their main line of fortifications. Permission was granted.

THE WAR IN THE WEST.

Mobile was to have been attacked on the 24th. A few days will decide the issue at that point. In the mean time Thomas is organizing a powerful army in Tennessee.

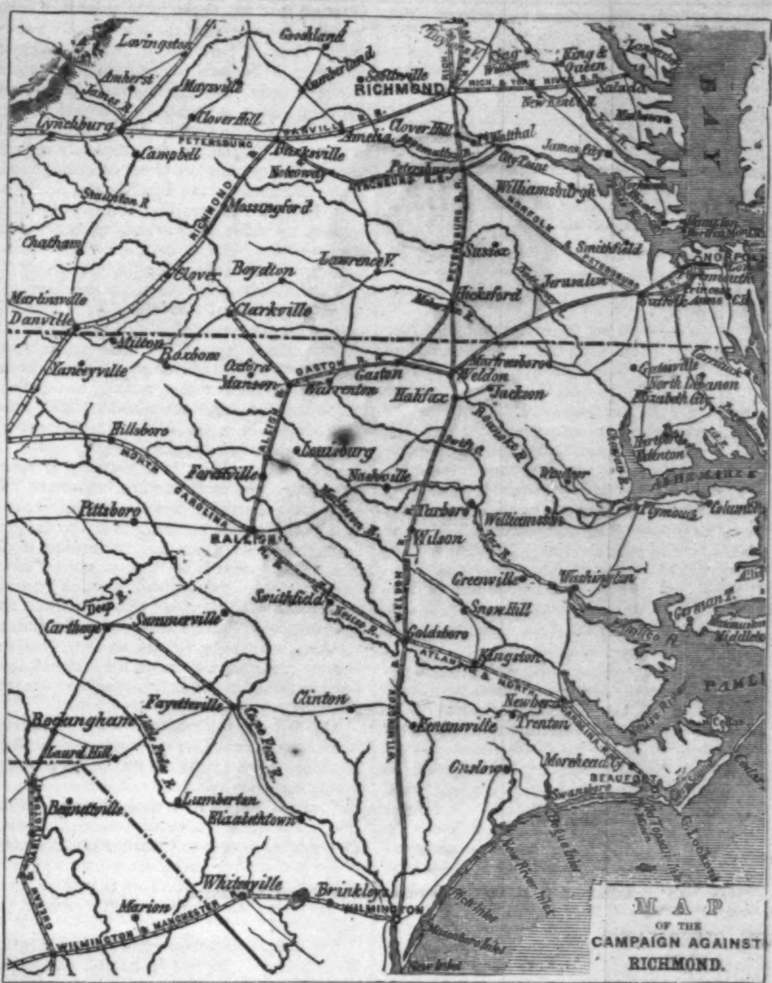
The following dispatch is the report of a naval enterprise recently undertaken by Lieutenant N. C. Forrest of the Mississippi Squadron:

FLAG-SHIP "GENERAL BURNSIDE," OFF BRIDGEPORT, ALABAMA, *March 4, 1865*.

SIR,—I have the honor to inform you that I took advantage of the late rise in the Tennessee River and crossed Elk River Shoals with the flag-ship and the *General Thomas*, and went down to Muscle Shoals. I came across the rebel General Rhoddy's camp and drove them off, captured some of their horses with the equipments, and seven bales of cotton. I destroyed the rebel communications at Lamb's Ferry. A large number of flats, pontoons, scows, and canoes that I found there I also destroyed.

I then penetrated Elk River and found a rich and populous country. A great deal of loyal sentiment was displayed. I am meeting with a great deal of success in endeavoring to encourage loyal feelings on the south side of the river. The citizens are constantly coming in from the rebels and taking the oath. From interviews I have had with prominent men, I think there is no doubt that Alabama will soon return to her allegiance to the Government. Mr. Clements, I have understood, is endeavoring to become military Governor, and I think will be very popular with the loyal people of the State.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
N. COLLAN FORREST,
Lieutenant Commanding 11th Div. Mis. Squadron.



MAP OF THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST RICHMOND.

NEWS ITEMS.

General Hartranft, on the recommendation of General Grant, has been promoted to be a Major-General by brevet, for conspicuous gallantry in repulsing and driving back the enemy from the lodgment made on our lines last Saturday.

Major-General Gibbons, of the gallant old Second Corps, and who has since General Ord's appointment to the command of the Department had the temporary charge of the Twenty-fourth Corps, has received his regular appointment as commandant of that corps.

The President has ordered Brevet Major-General Anderson to raise over Fort Sumter, at the hour of noon, on the 14th of April, the same United States flag that floated over it at the time of the rebel assault, and that it be saluted with 100 guns from Sumter, and from every fort and rebel battery that there fired upon Sumter; also that suitable military ceremonies be performed under the direction of Major-General W. T. Sherman, whose operations compelled the evacuation of Charleston, or, in his absence, under the direction of General Gillmore, commanding that military department; and also that the naval forces at Charleston be directed to participate in the ceremonies; and that Rev. Henry Ward Beecher be invited to deliver a public address on the occasion.

The whole of the first issue of the seven-thirty loan has been taken up by the people. The investments of the people in this issue within six weeks have reached the enormous sum of one hundred and sixty-one millions—a fact unprecedented in the history of popular loans.

The oldest officer now in our army is Adjutant G. Peacocke, whose commission bears date March 31, 1788.

General Thomas says, in his official report, that from Sept. 7 to Jan. 20, four and a half months, his captures numbered 13,189 men, including seven general and 1000 other officers, and 72 pieces of artillery. Over 2000 deserters were received, and a great deal of valuable ammunition and other war material was captured. Our own losses, of all sorts, are under 10,000.

The forces in front of our Petersburg lines are the same that have been there ever since [illegible] corps came from the Valley, viz.; A. P. Hill's corps on the rebel right; Gordon's corps, formerly Early's, resting on the rebel left; with a couple of divisions, one of which is Bushrod Johnson's, lying between the James and the Appomattox. Longstreet has two divisions belonging to his old corps on the north side of the James.

The President last Saturday had a distant view of the rebel forces before our lines at Petersburg. While going to witness a review with General Grant he stopped at a fort within eye-shot of the extreme front, and from its parapet took a survey of the field. At one point in his excursion Mr. Lincoln was within six miles of Richmond.

Major-General George Crook has been ordered to report to General Grant for assignment to command. He will probably succeed General Kautz in the command of the cavalry division on the north of the James, the entire cavalry force being once more under the command of General Sheridan.

On the 28th of February, at the close of the carnival, at Port-au-Prince, there was to have been a performance in the evening at the theatre, but in lighting the lamps, through some carelessness, the scenery caught fire. The building was soon destroyed, and the flames spread from house to house, until four hundred houses were destroyed, involving a loss of forty to fifty millions of Haytian dollars, and depriving hundreds of persons of their homes. The fire, though lasting only six hours, destroyed the most active business part of the city. There were but a few fire-engines, and such a scarcity of axes that hardly any thing could be done to arrest the progress of the flames. The consternation of the people was great for several days after the fire. The city was patroled by guards. The Government is taking measures to assist the sufferers, and a general subscription has been opened for their benefit.

The Post-office Route Agent between Charleston and Branchville, South Carolina, has applied to the Post-office Department for services rendered after the secession of the State.

Of the 110 rebel officers captured at Fort Steadman, and sent to the Old Capitol, four were colonels, two lieutenant-colonels, six majors, eight captains, and ninety lieutenants, representing not less than forty rebel regiments that were engaged in the attack.

General Kautz, commanding cavalry, Army of the James, has been relieved and ordered to report to General Weitzel. General M'Kenzie, of the Army of the Potomac, succeeds him.

An average of $350 a day is being paid to rebel deserters for the muskets they bring in.

FOREIGN NEWS.

EUROPE.

ON the 13th of March an important debate took place in the British Parliament on the defenses of Canada and the probability of a war with America. The debate ostensibly arose out of the supposed proposal made during the recent conference between the Confederate agents and the Federal authorities. Mr. S. Fitzgerald began the debate by calling attention to the report of Colonel Jervois on the defenses of Canada. Mr. Foster objected that the expense of thorough fortification would be almost fabulous. He believed that the apprehension of war was unfounded.

Then Mr. Disraeli arose. We can not report his speech in full, but give a few extracts. He said:

"I am not of opinion that in the event of the termination of the American War we should be placed in any immediate danger of coming into collision with that Government owing to our connection with Canada. I do not believe that the citizens of the United States of the North, even if entirely and completely victorious, will feel inclined to enter immediately into another struggle with a Power not inferior in determination and in resources to the Southern States of America. The democracy of America must not be confounded with the democracy of the Old World. It is not formed of the scum of turbulent cities, neither is it merely a section of an exhausted middle class which speculates in stocks and calls that progress. It is a territorial democracy. Now, being a territorial democracy, their character has been formed and influenced in a manner by the property with which they are connected, and by the pursuits they follow; and a sense of responsibility arising from the reality of their possessions may much influence their political conduct. And I believe they are very much more inclined to welcome the returning laborers to their fields, to see around them the products of the earth, and to behold happiness in those households to which they are so much attached, than to plunge into the misery of a new and terrible war." Mr. Disraeli then went on to say that great changes had taken place in the United States during the war. There had been greater centralization. He thought this would be continued after the war, on account of the new element introduced into society by the emancipation of a class who, being free, would yet be debarred from respect, and would be discontented. He then continued: "It is impossible to know what relations may exist between the United States, this country, and her Majesty's dependencies on the other side of the Atlantic. The question we have to ask ourselves is, is this country prepared to renounce her American dependencies and colonies, or are we to retain that tie? Now, if these colonies expressed a wish to separate the connection, and if they preferred to be absorbed by the United States, we might terminate our connection with dignity and without disaster. But if, on the other hand, those views are just which are more generally accepted—if there should be on the part of Canada and the other North American colonies a sincere and deep desire to form a considerable state and develop its resources, still to preserve the patronage and aid of England until that mature hour when we shall lose our dependency, but gain a permanent ally and friend—then it would be the greatest political blunder that can be conceived for us to renounce, relinquish, and avoid the responsibility of maintaining our interests in Canada at the present moment. If, from considerations of expense, we were to quit the possessions that we now occupy in North America, it would be ultimately, as regards our resources and wealth, as fatal and disastrous a step as could possibly be taken."

Mr. Bright said that there was no power in England capable of defending Canada against the United States. He did not apprehend a war.

Viscount Palmerston thought the debate would have great value. It would show Americans that the disposition of England was not hostile to their country. There was nothing, he thought, to indicate the probability of a war; but it was still the duty of England to afford to Canada the most perfect defense which was possible. He said: "We have no complaint to make of the Government of the United States; they have acted in a fair and honorable manner in all the matters that may have arisen between us. No doubt there are claims which they have put forward, not urging them at present, but laying the ground for their discussion at some future time. No doubt, also, we have claims upon them which we do not put forward at present, but have announced to be claims which at some future time may be discussed. But I should trust that we both feel it to be for the interest—ay, and for the honor of the two countries—that peace should be preserved, and that matters of this sort ought to be capable of a friendly and amicable adjustment. All I can say is that the Government, as long as they continue to be chargeable with the conduct of affairs, will do every thing that the honor and interests of the country permit them to do to maintain inviolate the relations of peace and friendship between the two countries."

COLONEL O. M. POE.—[Photographed by George N. Barnard.]

BRIGADIER-GENERAL H. A. BARNUM.—[Photographed by George N. Barnard.]

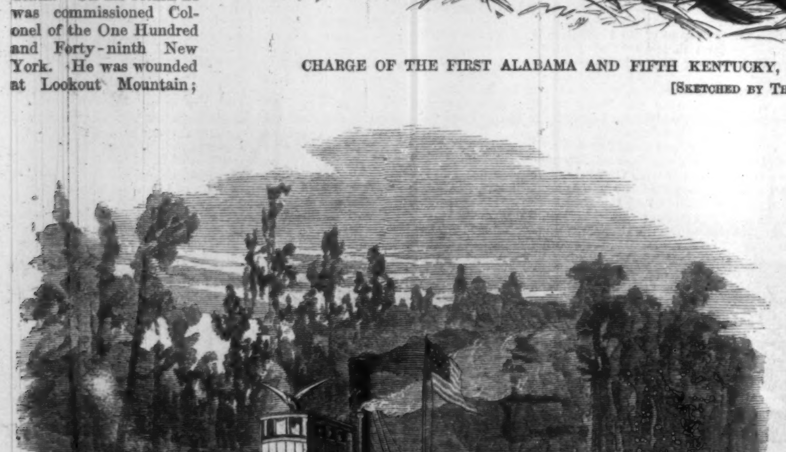
GEN. SHERMAN'S ARMY.

We continue in this week's issue our illustrations of General Sherman's march through the Carolinas. Not the least interesting of these will be the portraits which we are able to give of General Barnum and Colonel Poe.

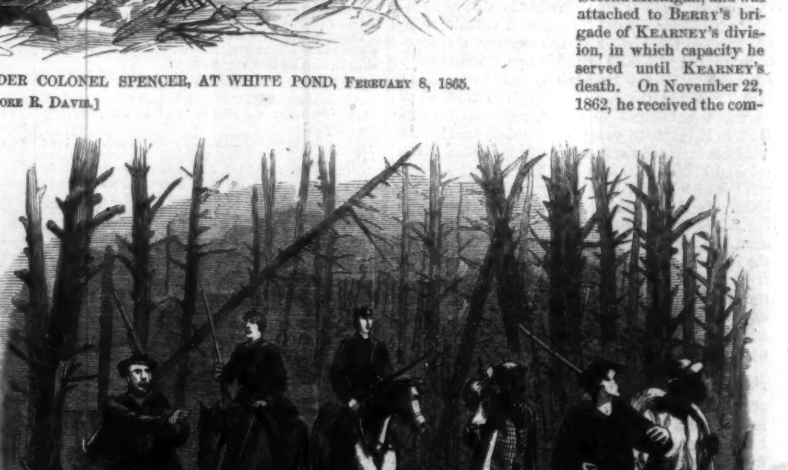
Brigadier-General H. A. Barnum entered the service as a private of the Twelfth New York Regiment. With this regiment, having been promoted to the rank of Captain, he served in the several campaigns of the Army of the Potomac.—After the battle of Malvern Hill he was reported killed. The citizens of his county recovered what they supposed to be his body, took it home, buried it with the highest honors, and inscribed upon his tombstone his excellent qualities. But Barnum turned up again. He had had a perilous escape, with a great hole in his side, which can never be closed without causing his death. On his return he was commissioned Colonel of the One Hundred and Forty-ninth New York. He was wounded at Lookout Mountain; and in that battle his regiment captured the greatest proportion of rebel colors. General Barnum was the first to discover that the enemy were leaving Savannah, and was the first to enter the place when he received the surrender of the city. At General Sherman's suggestion he was recently made Brigadier-General by brevet.

Colonel Orlando M. Poe was appointed to West Point from Ohio in 1852. At the completion of his course he was commissioned Brevet Second Lieutenant of Topographical Engineers, and assisted Captain Meade in the survey of the Northern Lakes. At the breaking out of the war he went to Columbus, Ohio, and assisted Governor Dennison in organizing the first two regiments of Ohio Volunteers. He was chief Topographical Engineer on Gen. M'Clellan's staff in Western Virginia. September 16, 1861, he was appointed Colonel of the Second Michigan, and was attached to Berry's brigade of Kearney's division, in which capacity he served until Kearney's death. On November 22, 1862, he received the com-

CHARGE OF THE FIRST ALABAMA AND FIFTH KENTUCKY, UNDER COLONEL SPENCER, AT WHITE POND, February 8, 1865.
[Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.]



CAPTAIN AINSWORTH MOVING UP CAPE FEAR RIVER TO OPEN COMMUNICATION WITH SHERMAN.
[Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.]



LIEUTENANT GRINNELL AND ENSIGN COLBY BEARING DISPATCHES TO GENERAL SHERMAN.
[Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.]

mand of a brigade of the Ninth Corps, which he accompanied to the West in the spring of 1863. In the movement on Knoxville he acted as Chief Engineer of the Twenty-third Corps. He took a prominent part in defense of Knoxville against LONGSTREET. He it was who constructed Fort Sanders, which was held against the rebel assault of November 29. In all of SHERMAN'S campaigns since the spring of 1864 Colonel POE has acted as Chief Engineer on his staff.—He is now Brevet Colonel in the Regular Army.

The graphic sketch on page 212 of the charge made at White Pond by the First Alabama and Fifth Kentucky, under the command of Colonel SPENCER, deserves particular mention. The First Alabama was organized at Corinth, Mississippi, early in 1863. During the grand campaign against Atlanta this regiment accompanied the Army of the Tennessee, rendering signal service to the lamented General M'PHERSON up to the time of the evacuation of Kenesaw Mountain by the enemy, when it was ordered to Rome on scouting duty. During the movements of HOOD upon our rear this regiment rendered most invaluable information to Gen. SHERMAN, their superior knowledge of the topography of the country, together with their peculiar Southern familiarity with the inhabitants, greatly aiding them in obtaining the most accurate news of the enemy's designs. In the ranks of this regiment are to be found some of the original true blue Southern Unionists, among whom are three ex-members of the last Alabama Union Legislature, two or three ministers, two lawyers, besides a large number of intelligent mechanics.

On the same page are illustrations of the first boat which, under the management of Captain AINSWORTH, established communication by way of the Cape Fear River with General SHERMAN'S army, and of the two officers—GRINNELL and COLBY—and their march through the swamps, bearing dispatches for General SHERMAN. Lieutenant H. W. GRINNELL and Ensign H. B. COLBY left their ship, the *Nyack*, at Wilmington March 4. They traveled in the full naval uniform, accompanied by two Jack tars in sailors' rig, and with two negro guides succeeded in making their way through the swamps and forests to General SHERMAN, whom they reached on March 12. The only determined attack made upon them was within ten or twelve miles of our lines, when two of SHERMAN'S "bummers," mounted on their mules and armed with Springfield muskets, charged wildly down upon these six well-armed men, ordering them to surrender instantly or they'd blow their heads off." The mistake was soon rectified, and the entire party came into SHERMAN'S lines. Upon their return to their ship at Wilmington they were received with hearty cheers by the Jack tars, who never fail to appreciate a brave and successful undertaking.

THE "RICHMOND" RESCUING THE CREW OF THE "ENTERPRISE," FEBRUARY 15, 1865.

RESCUE OF THE CREW ON THE "ENTERPRISE."

WE give in the adjoining illustration an interesting picture of the rescue of the crew on board the *Enterprise*, by the boat of the *Richmond*, in Mobile Bay. The vessel was lost on the 15th. Our artist says:

"The captain and all the crew save one were safely taken off by our fifth cutter, led by Mr. FLOYD, our boatswain, than whom a braver man scarce lives. Three times was his boat swamped, but these brave men as often hauled her through the breakers upon the beach, righted and baled her out, and dashed into the wild waters. For nearly twenty-four hours they were unceasingly endeavoring to save the men in the brig's tops, and did not leave until the last man was in their boat. The *Enterprise* left New York on the 24th of January, and the captain was about 100 miles off here when she sprung a leak. Knowing well that his vessel could not live through the storm, leaking as it was, he directed his course to this bay, thinking it better to try to get near succor than to run away from it. He knew this channel well, and had he kept but two ships' lengths to the westward would have come into the haven."

RUINS OF THE NORFOLK NAVY-YARD.

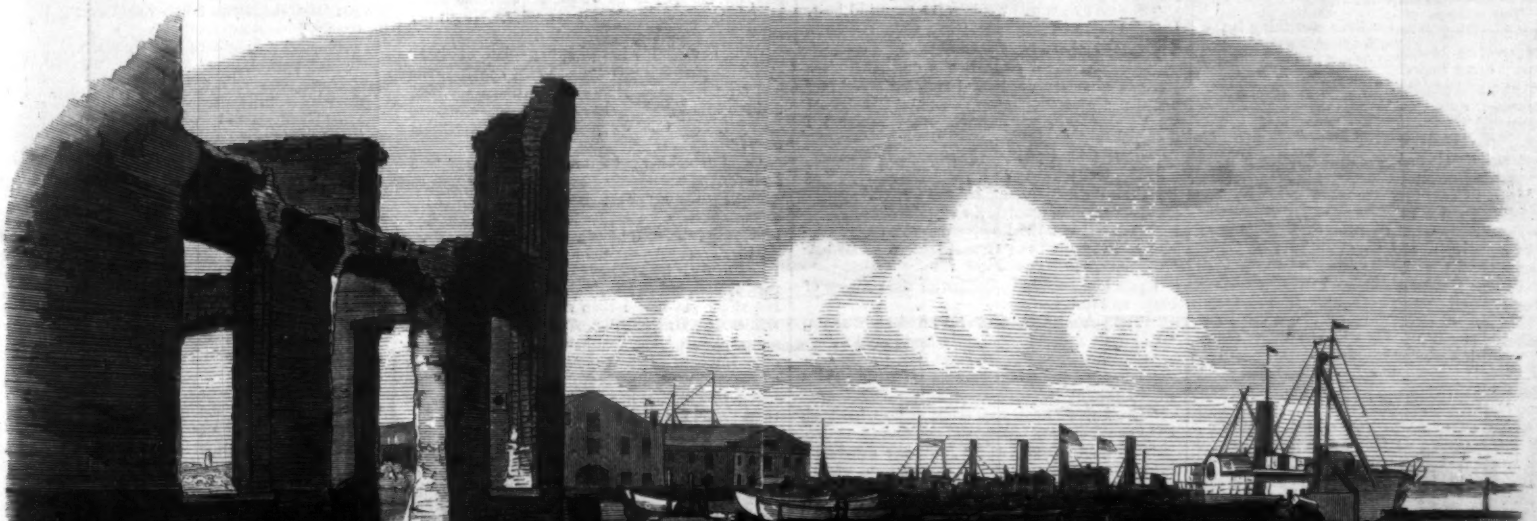
THE war has left nowhere more permanent traces of its destructive work than at the Norfolk Navy-yard, which was one of the first objects against which the Confederate revolutionists lifted treasonable hands. We reproduce from a photograph an illustration truthfully showing the present aspect of the place. In 1861 the Norfolk Navy-yard was filled with the maritime and military wealth of the nation, and within its limits were the most extensive and complete array of shops, foundries, ship-yards, mills, and docks in the country. Here, at that time, were twelve vessels of war of various sizes, from the *Pennsylvania* of 120 guns to the little brig *Dolphin* of 4. It will be remembered that among these was the *Merrimac*, a steam-frigate of 40 guns, which was afterward changed into an iron-clad ram; and here also was the sloop *Cumberland*, which this same ram, in 1862, sent to the bottom of the sea. In addition to these vessels there were in the yard 2500 pieces of heavy ordnance, 300 of which were Dahlgren guns. The quantity of small-arms and ammunition was immense; at old Fort Norfolk, which was used as a magazine, there were three hundred thousand pounds of powder. The value of the military property of the yard was estimated at not less than thirty-five millions of dollars. Commodore M'AULEY was in command of the yard at that time, but delayed to remove the property until it was too late, and he was compelled to destroy it. But the destruction was partial. Nearly all the ordnance and all the immense store of powder fell into the hands of the rebels.

THE SPRING FRESHETS.

THIS spring the mountains have paid to the sea an unusual tribute. Owing to the unprecedented fall of snow during the winter the freshets throughout the country have been greater than for a generation past, and have been very disastrous. The Hudson, the Mohawk, the Connecticut, the Susquehanna, and all our great rivers, have been swollen with the flood to an almost incredible volume, which has overflowed the land and carried away houses and destroyed factories, and even robbed graveyards of their quiet inhabitants. It is almost impossible to estimate in money the losses which have been sustained.

The Susquehanna, in its sudden rise, tore away hundreds of miles of the Erie Railroad, swept off valuable railroad bridges, submerged a good portion of the city of Harrisburg, and carried away vast quantities of lumber stored along its banks. Its tributaries—the Chemung, Chenango, and Juniata, in Western New York and Pennsylvania—carried a like destruction in their path. Two-thirds of Elmira, on the Chemung, were under water, and the furniture and people had to be removed in boats. The Genesee River rose at one time at the rate of a foot an hour, and the central and business portion of Rochester, on the west side of the river, was completely inundated. The Erie canal overflowed. The flood swept through the streets. We give on page 220 two illustrations of the flood in Rochester. The following description is given by the Rochester *Daily Union*:

"At least nine-tenths of the streets in the First Ward were under water, and many in the Second and other Wards. On Main Street during all that day thousands stood looking over the flood upon Buffalo Street. And on Buffalo Street, west of Washington, a vast crowd stood looking eastward over a third of a mile of water, the eastern part of which was surging and boiling as if thrown up by some mighty engine below. On Exchange Street, below the Clinton Hotel, people were looking anxiously northward into State Street, submerged to the depth of from one to four feet for half a mile. On State Street, near Engine House No. 3, a multitude gazed southward upon a sea extending to the heart of the city, and in many other streets similar scenes were presented. Small boats could be seen in nearly all the streets, and now and then teams were driven through some of them. People were



RUINS OF THE NORFOLK NAVY-YARD.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. GARDNER, WASHINGTON, D.C.]

seeking places of safety, some removing goods, and others carrying food to their families."

In Rochester alone the loss is estimated in millions. Very curiously this freshet was predicted by a citizen, Lyman B. Langworthy, in 1850. He said that the Genesee, in consequence of the encroachments upon its right of way to the Lake, would at some time inundate the central and lower portions of the city; and under the corner-stone of the Court-house there was deposited a memorandum of his prediction. We are indebted to E. Darrow & Brother for promptly furnishing us the photographs which we reproduce relative to the flood at Rochester. One of these gives a view of the river, the other is a view in the city from the south side of Buffalo Street.

On the same page we give two illustrations of the flood at Mound City, Illinois—one of Main Street and the other of Happy Hollow in the suburbs. Says our correspondent, writing after the flood: "It is amusing to watch the innumerable small boats, canoes, and rafts paddling through the city. Yesterday, while sailing through the principal street, out of curiosity I counted the small boats, and could at one time see forty-three of these diminutive vessels rowing back and forth, crossing and recrossing, in the one street alone."

In addition to the instances which we have given there are many others which we must omit. It is probable that the oil regions in Pennsylvania have suffered more serious loss than any other district. Tanks and machinery have been destroyed, and thousands of barrels of petroleum have floated down the river.

WAITING.

A little longer yet, a little longer,
Shall violets bloom for thee, and sweet birds sing,
And the lime branches, where soft winds are blowing,
Shall murmur the sweet promise of the Spring.

A little longer yet, a little longer,
Thou shalt behold the quiet of the morn,
While tender grasses and awakening flowers
Send up a golden tint to greet the dawn.

A little longer yet, a little longer,
The tenderness of twilight shalt be thine,
The rosy clouds that float o'er dying daylight,
To fade till trembling stars begin to shine.

A little longer yet, a little longer,
Shall starry night be beautiful to thee,
And the cold moon shall look through the blue silence
Flooding her silver path upon the sea.

A little longer yet, a little longer,
Life shall be thine; life with its power to will;
Life with its strength to bear, to love, to conquer,
Bringing its thousand joys thy heart to fill.

A little longer still, and Heaven awaits thee,
And fills thy spirit with a great delight;
Then our pale joys will seem a dream forgotten,
Our sun a darkness and our day a night.

A little longer, and thy heart, beloved,
Shall beat forever with a love divine;
And joy so pure, so mighty, so eternal,
No mortal knows and lives, shall then be thine.

A little longer yet, and angel voices
Shall sing in heavenly chant upon thine ear;
Angels and saints await thee, and God needs thee;
Beloved, can we bid thee linger here?

MY BOAT.

"I declare, Susan, I believe something is the matter with me. My mouth tastes this morning as if I had slept all night with it full of cents."

"That must be a funny sensation, dear," said my wife.

"Yes; 'tis queer."

"Sense in your mouth, you know."

"Eh?"

"You don't often have sense there, do you, James?"

"I didn't say I had," said I, in blissful unconsciousness that there was a pun any where about; "I said it tasted as if I had. Bitter, you know. Ugh! I believe I'm getting dyspeptic."

"Dreadful," said Mrs. Dobb, with much calmness.

I was standing before the glass in our bedchamber brushing my hair. My wife was doing something with her hoop-skirt.

"I need exercise," said I. "Dumb-bells and things. I'm going to join a gymnasium."

Mrs. Dobb laughed outright. "What a figure you would be in tights and spangles, whirling round a trap—what do they call it?—like a partridge on a spit!"

"Pooh! pooh!" said I, a little nettled at this allusion to my figure—which might be pronounced dumpy, I dare say, by some envious raw-boned person; "you don't know what you're talking about, Mrs. Dobb. I don't mean that kind of thing. Haven't you heard of the new gymnastics? It's dumb-bells mostly, I believe. A very genteel and proper thing, I assure you."

"Expensive?" queried my wife.

"Mrs. Dobb," said I, sternly, pausing with a brush in each hand, and bending a piercing eye upon her through the looking-glass; "don't talk about expense at such a time as this! If your husband's health and strength are fading away, his digestion suffering, his tongue getting furry, his eyes losing their native lustre, it matters very little what expense is incurred that may serve to check the fell destroyer before his ravages have accomplished their work."

"That isn't original," said Mrs. Dobb.

"What isn't?"

"I saw it in a medical almanac the other day. Somebody's pills."

I resumed a vigorous brushing of my hair. I was determined, however, on having the coveted exercise. At the breakfast-table the subject was resumed.

"I don't know," said I, "whether the gymnasium would be the best thing to do or not. I might try the virtues of a course of bowling."

"Bowling?"

"In an alley, you know. Ten-pins, they used to call it. Very healthy. Very popular, too. I know several of the first men in town who bowl. And something, I repeat, I must do."

"Yes, dear, I do think you shut yourself up in your studio too closely; that is, you keep too still there. I was going to suggest something myself, by which you could have more exercise."

I looked up from my carving to see if my wife was joking. But she was tying Fred's napkin with a perfectly sober face.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Why, I was thinking, that if you were to paint a picture that would cover a great big canvas—something in the style of Church's Niagara, for instance, or Bierstadt's Rocky Mountains—instead of sitting all day over those little portraits, it would give you fine exercise running about from one side of the picture to the other, and climbing up step-ladders to the sky, and so on."

"How absurd you are, Susan!"

"I don't see any thing absurd about it! I should think it would be good fun. I should like to look in and see you at work. Oh dear!"

"I'm afraid that wouldn't save much expense, wife."

"Why? You could exhibit it afterward, and finally sell it for a hundred times as much as you get for a portrait, I shouldn't wonder."

"Ah, Susan, if I was a Church myself— But I'm not. I think the bells would be cheaper in the end."

"Up 'n a steeple, papa?" put in Fred, at random, anxious to have a word in the conversation.

"No, my son, not in a steeple; your mother wouldn't consent to any thing that was so high."

"James!"

"I was only complimenting your economy, my dear."

"I'll tell you what you can do," said Mrs. Dobb, brightening. "You can get a cord of wood and saw it up! That would be splendid!"

I treated this proposition with contemptuous silence, sipping my coffee and glancing over the morning paper.

"The very thing!" I suddenly cried.

"What!—the wood!" said Mrs. Dobb.

"Oh, bother the wood! No! In the paper here—an advertisement. A row-boat for sale. I'll buy it."

"Why, my dear," said Mrs. Dobb, a little alarmed, "you know nothing about managing a boat."

"I know it, Susan; but I can learn—any body can learn to row. It'll be glorious exercise—bring out my muscle—expand my chest. Nothing like it. Why, look at Tom Ten Eyck; he's as strong as a horse—got great cushions of muscle on his breast, and measures I don't know how many feet across his shoulders. He told me boat-rowing was what did it."

"Tom Ten Eyck," said Mrs. Dobb, "is a sort of a giant. No wonder he's broad-breasted. You don't suppose you would ever look like him, do you?"

"No, my dear, I hope not. But I shall buy that boat."

I bought it. It was what I called a regular bargain. The man who owned it was going to Idaho, and said he had got to sell that boat that day "any how." Boats were selling then (this was last summer) at prodigious prices, and I had calculated on paying fifty dollars at the very lowest.

"She isn't what you would call a beautiful boat, I should say," I remarked; "but, then, she looks serviceable. Does she go fast?"

"Ah, Sir! she'll swim like a duck. Ain't a waste bit o' wood about her. I built her myself, for my own use; and if I wasn't goin' t' Eye-dyho I wouldn't part with her no way. She's a prize, if I do say it."

"Carry a big load?"

"You can take six in her easy," said the man; "four on them stern-seats an' two forrerd."

"No danger of upsetting, I suppose?"

"O Lord! not the least. Why, you *can't* capsize a boat built the way that boat is. Flat bottom, you see; no careen to her."

I paid him thirty-five dollars for the paragon of boats, and took her away.

"Tell you what, Susan," said I that night at tea, "I've made a good bargain for once in my life."

"The first time, I guess," said Mrs. Dobb.

"I got that boat dirt-cheap. You can't guess what I paid for it."

"Oh, I don't know any thing about what such things cost, James. What did you give?"

"No—you guess," said I, rubbing my hands briskly in anticipation of her astonishment when I should name the paltry figure; "guess once."

"Well, to please you," said my wife. "Was it—ten dollars?"

"Ten dragons!" I exclaimed, in astonishment. "Are you crazy?"

"There!" said Mrs. Dobb. "I told you I didn't know any thing about what boats cost. You needn't get angry about it."

"Angry? Oh no; I wouldn't get angry at a thing like that, you know, dear. But t-e-n d-o-l— Ha, ha, ha! By George! it's the best joke— Why, Susan, you can't get a row-boat of the commonest description for less than seventy-five dollars now."

"And what did you pay for yours?"

"Why, I got mine at a bargain, as I told you. The man had to leave town to-night, and he sold it to me for thirty-five dollars."

"Where is the boat?"

"Oh, I've hired a place for it, in care of a German that sells fish on the shore, right down here, not fifteen minutes' walk from our house. I rowed it up myself. Ah, you've no idea what a delicious sensation it is to row a boat; you seem to accomplish so much with so little effort. And how beautiful it was to swim over the waves so easily, just dipping the oars in the cool water! Talk about its being hard work to row a boat—it was nothing but fun. I felt like a blithe young sailor-boy, and I actually began to sing a song I've heard somewhere—

"'Lightly row, lightly row,
O'er the glassy waves we go!'

Something out of Scott's poems, I think; isn't it, dear?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," said my wife; "it sounds familiar to me."

"I know where the song is," said my oldest daughter, the blooming Nellie—the one with a literary turn of mind.

"Ah, Nellie," I said, gratified with this opportunity to test my daughter's culture. "Well, we shall be glad to hear."

"It's in our school song-book," said she. "I can sing it. The rest of that verse is,

"'Smoothly glide, smoothly glide
O'er the silent tide!'"

"Well, as I was telling you, Susan," I went on, "I was so pleased with my purchase that I rode some distance above my German's place of business, and I don't know but I should have kept on up stream till now if I hadn't noticed my feet were getting damp a little."

"What!" cried Mrs. Dobb, "does your boat leak, James?"

"Why, certainly, my dear, it leaks a little; all boats do. Didn't you know that? It don't hurt any thing. She didn't leak more than two or three pailfuls all the time I was out, and I dare say half of that spattered over the sides."

"James," said Mrs. Dobb, "you will certainly be drowned."

"Fudge! Don't interrupt my story, dear. So I turned around to come back. But, curiously enough, I didn't get ahead so well after I turned round. It never struck me before that it could be harder to row down stream than it was to row up; but the fact was, don't you see, wind and tide were both up stream. Ha, ha! So I've learned something the very first day. I might have lived on land all my life and never thought about that."

"But you got back safe."

"Yes, but I didn't row back. You see my back began to ache a little and my hands to smart; so I went ashore and paid a boy a quarter to row me back to the German's."

The next day I didn't go to my boat at all; the *Water Bird* I had christened her. For in the morning I found, very much to my regret, that there were three or four great blisters on the palms of my hands. So I employed an hour or two of the day in procuring a suitable outfit. You can't row very comfortably in a broadcloth coat with long tails. They get wet. I bought me a blue flannel shirt, a tarpaulin hat, and a pair of big water-proof boots that came above my knees. Then I bought me a pair of thick buckskin gloves; I thought it would be a good idea to have them to protect my hands.

I made my appearance at the German's next morning in my new suit.

"I want to leave my coat with you, Jacob," said I, "while I am out rowing. You'll take care of it till I return?"

"Yah," said he; and I went out to my boat.

I found it full of water to the very top. (I don't know as that is a mariner's phrase; maybe it's gunwale or something.) I came back to the German in some haste.

"Why, look here!" I cried; "what have you been doing to my boat? She's full of water!"

"Yah," said Jacob; "she broke away in de night, too. Dere vas a man like to git drowndet mit de dam ole ting. He vas lean off de dock mit a long pole, an' he fellt in de wasser all ober his head. He tole me he charge you half a toler. He git her out."

"Oh, he sunk her in trying to get her, did he?" said I, brightening up; "I was afraid perhaps she had been leaking. Here's half a dollar for him, and tell him I'm obliged to him. But how am I to empty her? Can we pull her out and tip her over?"

"Haf to bail her out mit a pail," said Jacob. "I do it for you."

But I perceived expense. Such alacrity was not a gratis article. I concluded to bail her out myself. Might as well have some exercise that way, just for once. I took the pail and went to work. I had to do it by means of a rope attached to the pail, at first, but gradually the seats rose above water, and I got in. I then sat down—quite unintentionally, I may say—and arose dripping like a mermaid. But the weather was warm; I didn't mind it much. It took me an hour to bail her out clean; and then, after borrowing an old stump of a broom and wiping her bottom nicely, I concluded to go home, for I was tired, wet, and hungry.

My wife said I looked like a fright; but she was not so frightened but that she laughed immoderately.

The next day, on going to the river, I found my buckskin gloves, which I had hung up in Jacob's shanty the day before sopping wet, were now dry, and just as hard as a pair of board gloves. I gave them to Jacob, and went and bought me another pair. When I returned, Jacob had pounded my old gloves as soft as ever, I found; and since that, I have known how to treat buckskin gloves when they get hard. I went out to my boat, and found her as full of water as on the previous morning.

"Broke loose again, Jacob?" said I, in a vague hope that another accident had occurred.

"No," said he, "she leak dat vay."

"You don't tell me that she—" But it was no use asking the question.

"What you gif fer dem boat?"

"I gave thirty-five dollars," said I.

"Ah, you git cheated bad. Dem boat ist nicht good for notting."

"Couldn't she be mended somehow?" I asked.

Jacob shook his head with an incredulous smile. "Cost you more as a new one," said he.

Reluctantly I came to the conclusion that the boat-vendor had sold me when he sold the boat to me. But he was well on his way to Idaho by this time. It was useless hoping for retribution. I finally traded off the old pung for a bran-new boat. The price of the new boat was $80, but the man allowed me $5 for my old one.

I forgot to tell Susan about my new purchase. Luckily she had not seen the old one, though I had intended taking her out riding in it.

My first boat had oars with fastened locks; and any body who has tried it (that is, any body unaccustomed to rowing) knows how much easier it is for a novice to row with such oars than with those which have open locks, in which the oar plays freely. Good oarsmen would sneer at fastened locks; but I must say I did not feel so inclined as I handled the loose oars of my new boat.

"Confound these things!" I exclaimed, as I went splashing along; "they're as clumsy as— I can't do any thing with them!"

But I got more accustomed to them after a little, and soon began to enjoy my daily boat-ride in good earnest. I used sometimes to go out in the hottest of the day, carrying with me a lunch in a basket; and when the sun was pouring down a flood of intense heat on the water, I would row under the stern of some great ship away up-stream, where the shade was almost cave-like in its delicious coolness, and making my boat fast would eat my lunch with such a hearty relish as I had not felt in months, sitting in my little craft and rocking lazily on the murmuring waves. Ah, it was delightful!

My new boat was a decided beauty—and *Beauty* was the name I gave her. She was painted black outside, with a strip of red running round the edge, and lead-colored inside. She had three seats—one astern, one amidships, and one forward (oh, I picked up the terms from time to time), and her prow was exquisitely rounded. I dare say any body not a judge of these things would have said my boat looked like a common junk-man's boat—those fellows that go round buying up old rope, iron, etc., from the vessels, you know! The idea!

Well, the fact is, I did get taken for a junk-man, once in a while. Sometimes sailors would hail me from ships at anchor, holding up armfuls of junk they wanted to sell; and it was immensely amusing to see them stare at me as I rowed on in complacent indifference to the offered prize, wondering, no doubt, whether they had made a blunder or I had.

One day a man hailed me from a lumber-yard dock, and wondering what he could want I rowed over to him. Perhaps he wants a ride, thought I; if he does he shall have it, as sure as my name is James Dobb.

There was a gang of laborers near by, prying along a great stick of timber; and as I drew near I recognized an acquaintance in Mr. Brown—of the firm of Brown & Spalding, lumber merchants—who stood near. Brown lifted his hat to me, and I bowed in return. He had seen me out in my boat before now.

"I've got a job for ye," roared the man on the dock who had hailed me first, not noticing the recognition that passed between Brown and I.

(By-the-way, though, did you ever notice how people on shore always shout to a man in a boat, as if he was half a mile off? They don't yell that way to a man on a bridge, or any thing of that sort. This has nothing to do with my story, but it's so curious I thought I'd mention it.)

"Have you?" said I, with a wink at Brown. "What's it like?"

"Yas," said he; "want ye t' tow this 'ere stick o' timber up to Knight's dock"—half a mile off.

"Couldn't oblige you, my friend," said I.

"Give ye a dollar," said he.

I shook my head, and rowed slowly away.

"Wa'al, you—are—a flat," growled the man, looking after me with his face full of profane language; "I thought you fellers would do any thing for money."

Such a peal of laughter as Brown sent up!

"How's that, Dobb?" he cried. "There's an unbiased criticism on art."

The man looked quite mystified as I rowed off.

After I had got to be what I deemed pretty expert with my oars, I invited Mrs. Dobb and a young lady friend to take an afternoon ride with me. I had to do a deal of coaxing, but at last I succeeded, and they went. My wife—under that vague impression of going a long journey which women generally seem to connect with the idea of venturing on untried waters—had brought along a thick camel's hair shawl (cost five hundred dollars by-the-way; my wife had had it for many years) and a nice little female morocco satchel stuffed with sandwiches and sweet-cake. She was greatly pleased with the motion of my *Beauty* after she got a little accustomed to it. It didn't make her sick at all, she said.

As we were gliding along pleasantly with the tide, one of those junk-buyers came alongside in his boat, with a great heap of old rope in the stern. He was an Irishman, and he was a little under the influence of intoxicating beverages.

"Hillo, Johnny!" he shouted to me, as he kept his boat near mine, "where th' divil d'ye git that soort o' job? Takin' th' ladies out ridin'! What d' they give ye?"

I made the insolent fellow no reply, and my wife stared at him in great amazement.

"James," she whispered to me, "what does that ugly Irishman mean by calling you Johnny?"

"Johnny's gittin' proud," cried the junk merchant, a little incensed at my silence. "Bedad, he didn't luk that way th' day th' sailors pitched him overboard o' th' *Empress* fer shtalin' a new rope! Hev ye had yer dinner th' day, Johnny? Faix, I seed him t'other day under th' stern o' th' *Black Warrior* wid a hunk o' bread in wan fist an' a cold pertaty in t'other, 'atin' as if he hadn't seen vittles in a month o' Sundays."

There was no stopping the fellow's tongue, though my wife turned red and white alternately, and looked greatly distressed; and there was no rowing away from him either. I turned about, and he turned about, too; and while I grew red in the face with exertion, it was exasperating to see with what ease he kept along with us, dipping his oars lazily, and keeping up a running fire of Irish wit, impudence, and blackguardism the while.

But he left us at last, and then I found that we were further up stream than I had ever ventured before, and I despaired of rowing back against the strong tide.

Mrs. Dobb was almost crying with vexation.

"James," said she, "how could you sit so quietly and let that horrid man insult you in that way?"

"Why, my dear, it wouldn't have done any good to talk back at him. You don't suppose I could keep up with an Irishman's tongue, do you?"

"Well—he had no business."

"Certainly not; none whatever. But how are we to get back? that's the present question. I'm about tired out."

"Oh, let me row!" cried Mrs. Dobb, brightening up instantly. "Do, James! Let me try it!"

"Pooh! You can't row, Susan," said I, with a sudden consciousness of my boating ability.

"Just for fun, you know," she pleaded. "Let me try!"

Of course I let her try; I never can resist Mrs. Dobb when she sets about a thing in earnest. The first thing she did was to lose one of the oars overboard. I sprang for the other oar, and in trying to reach the lost one my hat fell into the water; and in reaching for that, I tipped the boat a little, whereupon Mrs. Dobb screamed with terror. Meantime the oar floated out of reach. It took a long time and a great deal of perspiration to recover it, and by this it was grown late, and we at least two miles from home, with a strong tide against us.

"I'm sorry to say it, ladies," I remarked, "but I can't possibly row you back against this tide to-night."

"Why, I thought you such an expert oarsman," said my wife, with just a shadow of sarcasm in her tone.

"Susan," said I, "I can do any feat with a boat that any reasonable person could expect, but unfortunately my *strength* is not equal to my science. That's all."

"I thought you bought the boat on purpose to get strength out of it," said my wife.

"Yes, so I did. And I have improved remarkably. But I'm not a Tom Hyer."

"You *don't* look like one, my dear."

"I'll tell you what I will do, Susan," said I. "I'll catch a ride behind one of these vessels that go past every few minutes. There comes one now."

A ship, whisked down-stream by a tug, was approaching, and I explained that I would catch hold of the yawl-boat dragging astern, and so tow down.

"Oh, Mr. Dobb!" screamed my wife, "you shall not! You never could do such a feat! You'd tip us all over!"

In vain I protested I had done it a dozen times. Mrs. Dobb would not consent to it.

"We will go ashore, and walk up to the horse-cars," said my wife; "it won't be far. And you can take the boat back alone."

"Very well," said I, "but I assure you there isn't a bit of danger."

"I'll leave my shawl and satchel in the boat," she added. "You can bring them up when you come," and the ladies stepped ashore.

"Very well! Good-by! And now, Susan, just to show you how foolish your fears are, I'll run right out and catch that vessel yonder. You'll see how easily I will do it, and then I'll go down-stream like a streak. I'll be home long before you are. *Au revoir!*"

The vessel that was now approaching was moving pretty rapidly, but I understood my *modus operandi* too well to care for that. I struck out briskly, and was soon rowing directly in the path of the approaching vessel. I dropped astern as she came near, and unshipping my oars nimbly caught her yawl with a dextrous hand; and as I did so I turned and waved my other hand to the ladies, as much as to say, "Now you see how easy it is!"

But, alas!—I can't explain just how it was—the prow of my boat got turned a little too much outward, and I, sitting amidships, leaned half out of her, and tried to right her; I might as well have tried to right a fundamental error—the thing was simply impossible—but I was not conscious of my exact predicament at the moment. I hung on to the yawl like grim death. My boat careened fearfully—I hung on. The water rushed over her side; but I wouldn't let go now, and those women on the bank laughing at me, no doubt; so the boat followed the inevitable logic of events—over she went, bottom side up, as I sprang into the yawl, with a white face and one glove on.

Here was a predicament! In a few minutes more I should be out to sea, for the vessel sped on all unconscious of the troubles astern. I was half entertaining an insane idea of leaping overboard, though I couldn't swim a stroke, when we swung toward a vessel anchored in the stream, over whose sides a lot of sailors were looking and grinning.

"Throw this lubber a rope," sung out the man in the yawl; and quicker than I can write it a rope was dangling over the side of the stationary vessel. Half out of my wits, I sprang for it, grasped it, slid down it like a shot, tearing the flesh off my hands, and went splashing into the water. When I came up again (after touching bottom, I believe) somebody grabbed me by the hair, and I was dragged into a little boat, where I spouted water from my mouth and nostrils like a porpoise.

"Arrah, Johnny," cried a voice in my ear, "are ye hurt at all?"

"Where's my boat?" was my response, as I stared wildly about.

"Faix, ye may ask," said the junk merchant; "an' I'm thinkin' ye'll find bits of it undher the screw of the tug *Jupiter* beyant."

Alas! it was too true. Another tug had crashed right over my little *Beauty*, as she floated keel upward in the water, and had torn her into a hundred pieces.

My wife was so delighted at my escape—for of course she had seen the catastrophe from the shore—that she forgot for more than half an hour after I got home to ask me for her shawl and satchel. They have not come to hand yet, and I expect they are a dead loss—making, together with the boat, quite a little sum to "sink" in the pursuit of physical culture.

I shall exercise on *terra firma* for the rest of my life, I think—just to gratify Susan, who is rather timid.

A GRAVE DISTURBANCE.

IN the parish of Christchurch, Barbados, there is a mysterious vault in which no one dares to deposit the dead. It is in a church-yard near, and at an elevation of one hundred feet above the level of the sea. The following details concerning the remarkable disturbances in this vault are taken verbatim from the original document in the writer's possession, under the hand of his esteemed friend the late rector, the Rev. Thomas Harrison Orderson, D.D., who was an eye-witness of the occurrences to be related.

July 31, 1807. Mrs. Thomasin Goddard was buried in the vault, which, when opened to receive her, was quite empty.

February 22, 1808. Mary Anna Maria Chase, daughter of the Honorable Thomas Chase, was buried in the same vault in a leaden coffin. When the vault was opened for the infant the coffin of Mrs. Goddard was in its proper place.

July 6, 1812. Dorcas Chase was buried in the same vault, and the two first coffins were in their proper places.

August 9. The Honorable Thomas Chase was buried in the same vault. Upon its being opened the two leaden coffins were dislodged from their situation, particularly that of the infant, which appeared to have been thrown from the corner where it was first placed to the opposite angle.

September 25, 1816. Samuel Brewster Ames, an infant, was buried, and when the vault was opened the leaden coffins were found to have been thrown from their positions, and were in much disorder.

November 17, 1816. The body of Samuel Brewster was removed from the parish of St. Philip, and was buried in the vault, and great confusion was discovered among the leaden coffins.

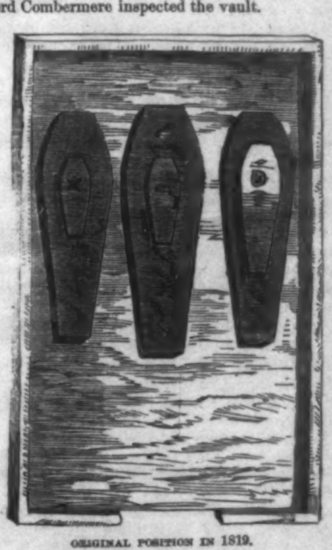
July 7, 1819. Thomasin Clarke was buried, and there was much disorder among the coffins.

N.B.—Each time the vault was opened the coffins were placed in their proper order and position, and the mouth of the vault was regularly closed by masons.

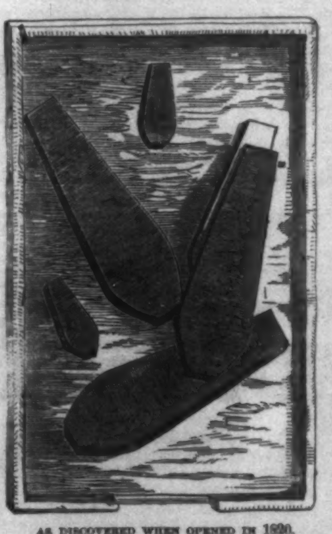
The vault is twelve feet long, and six and a half wide, and is partially hewn through a flinty rock. The entrance to it was secured by a massive stone, which it required six or seven men to remove.

April 18, 1820. The vault was opened in the presence and at the request of His Excellency the Governor, Lord Combermere.

The condition of the coffins on this occasion can best be appreciated by a reference to the engravings below, which exhibit the position in which the coffins were left on July 7, 1819, and the disorder which was presented on April 18, 1820, the day on which Lord Combermere inspected the vault.



ORIGINAL POSITION IN 1819.



AS DISCOVERED WHEN OPENED IN 1820.

These are the simple facts of the case, nor can the writer venture to make any suggestion that might give a clew to the cause of these amazing occurrences. The approaches of the vault render it virtually impossible for any ingenious or mischievous person to tamper with its contents. Further than this, had it been practicable for any one to have entered the rock, the achievement of dislodging the coffins single-handed would have been superhuman, and it is not easily to be credited that a piece of mischief of such a character would have been intrusted to many hands to carry out. Nor, again, can it be reasonably conjectured that these results were produced by some convulsion of the earth, for the effects were too local, and nothing but the coffins themselves exhibited the least trace of violence or subterranean shock.

It may be remarked here that the material of which the coffins were composed might possibly have something to do with their displacement, since there is an instance of a somewhat similar disturbance having taken place in England, where the coffins were (as those in the Barbados vault) of lead. The reader will observe that the confusion and disorder were noticeable only in the case of the leaden ones, the wooden ones were merely turned over, and not flung about. The parallel occurrence alluded to took place in a village of Suffolk named Staunton. It is stated that on opening a vault there certain *leaden* coffins, which had been fixed on biers, were found to be displaced and thrown about, much to the consternation of the villagers. The coffins were replaced as before, and the vault perfectly closed, when, another of the family having died, it was reopened, and its contents were discovered in great confusion. Two years after they were not only found all off their trestles, but one coffin (so heavy as to require eight men to lift it) was found on the fourth step which led down to the vaults, and it seemed perfectly certain that no human agency had effected this. This account is to be found in Captain Alexander's "Transatlantic Sketches," but the writer of this paper has never been able to find the name of Staunton in the county of Suffolk. If reliable, however, some little light is thrown on those coffin disturbances by the fact of the coffins in both the Barbados and Staunton vaults being made of lead.

Of course the negro mind attributed these mysterious results to supernatural causes. Colonel Chase, it seems, was a man of evil disposition, violent, and intemperate. He died by his own hand. His daughter, owing to his cruelty to her, starved herself to death; and the negroes affirmed that the other coffins would not endure the company of the Chase family, and had endeavored to expel them. It certainly assisted this superstition to know that no disturbance occurred till Colonel Chase was deposited in the vault. No negro would approach the church-yard after nightfall (at least, without whistling very loudly to scare away the "duppies," as ghosts are called in Barbados); and such consternation, alarm, and disquiet were created by the mysterious proceedings in the vault, that the coffins were removed and buried in the earth elsewhere, and the vault was closed, as it now remains. A relative of the writer is the present rector of Christchurch, and has confirmed this. The sketches from which the engravings are taken were executed on the spot by another relative of the writer; and his father, some years since, had two models constructed, exhibiting the various displacements to which the coffins were subjected; one of these models he presented to the late Bishop Blomfield, who took a great interest in this mysterious matter of the vault; the other is, I believe, deposited in the British Museum.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

SCOTT'S HANDWRITING.—Scott's own penmanship afforded, during his prime, the most striking and irresistible proof how completely he must have submitted himself for some very considerable period to the mechanical discipline of his father's office. It spoke to months after months of his humble toil, as distinctly as the illegible scrawl of Lord Byron did to his self-mastership from the hour that he left Harrow. "There are some little technical tricks, such as no gentleman who has not been submitted to a similar regimen ever can fall into, which he practiced invariably while composing his poetry, which appear not unfrequently on the MSS. of his best novels, and which now and then dropped instinctively from his pen, even in the private letters and diaries of his closing years." Mr. Lockhart refers particularly to a sort of flourish at the bottom of the page, originally, he presumes, adopted in engrossing as a safeguard against the intrusion of a forged line between the legitimate text and the attesting signature. Sir Walter was quite sensible, it is added, that this ornament might as well be dispensed with; and his family often heard him murmur, while involuntarily performing it, "There goes the old shop again!"

BRUTON AND HIS "DEAF FRIEND."—Bruton writes: "I have told several anecdotes of deaf people, but, more or less, they really and truly had their origin from this man, whom I shall, in future, as I recall any thing connected with him, distinguish under the above heading. The friend used occasionally to say some queer things, and unconsciously 'set the table in a roar,' while at the same time the stolidity of his countenance, in the midst of the mirth, served to renew the heartiness of the laughter. His great goggling inquiring eyes, as he watched the working of your mouth, and made guesses rather than heard what was said, were something irresistible. Like Lord Byron's 'Echo,' he 'caught faintly the sound as it fell,' and his interpretations were often strange—sometimes amusing. I was once, as poetically as I could, trying to describe a stroll through Eton and Windsor Park, ending by saying, 'It is a divine thing to go to Eton, and walk into the grassy park and greens,' when my deaf friend observed, 'I don't so much care, when I go to *eating*, about walking into the *greasy pork and greens!*'"

A BURIED CITY IN JAVA.—It is asserted that a photographer, who has been employed by the Dutch Government to take views of the most beautiful points on the Island of Java, has discovered an entire city buried beneath the lava of a volcano close by, which has been extinct for several centuries.

ADULTERATION OF MILK.—The adulteration of milk is one of the most noxious frauds that can be committed in supplying food for public consumption. True, it does not actually administer poison; but it strikes at the root of a nation's health by enfeebling the young, pinching the underfed, and stinting the sustenance allowed to the sick and aged. It is like committing murder by pin-pricks. Where aliment is measured out to each mouth, as in innumerable public and private establishments, the daily subtraction of even a small proportion becomes, in the long-run, a serious evil. It is starvation administered in small doses. A rich man's child, living at home, may care little about the quality of his milk; but to workmen's children, and even to school-boys and school-girls, it becomes a matter of vital importance. For, to mention nothing else, the abstraction of the cream, by diminishing one source of animal heat, if long continued with children mainly fed on milk, causes them to flag, pine away, and die.

A CHINESE DINNER.—A traveler recently arrived from Pekin gives the following description of a Chinese dinner: "The first course consisted of a kind of square tower formed of slices of breast of goose, and of a fish which the Chinese call 'cow's head,' with a large dish of hashed tripe, and hard eggs of a dark color preserved in lime. Next came grains of pickled wheat and barley, shell-fish unknown in Europe, enormous prawns, preserved ginger, and fruits. All these are eaten with ivory chopsticks, which the guests bring with them. On grand occasions the first dish is always birds-nest soup, which consists of a thick gelatinous substance. Small cups are placed round the tureen, each containing a different kind of sauce. The second course was a ragout of sea-snails. At Macao these are white, but at Ningpo they are green, viscous, and slippery, by no means easy to pick up with small sticks. Their taste resembles that of the green fat of turtle. The snails were followed by a dish of the flesh covering the skull of sturgeons, which is very costly, as several heads are required to make even a small dish. Next was a dish of sharks' fins mixed with slices of pork, and a crab salad; after these a stew of plums and other fruit, the acidity of which is considered a corrective for the viscous fat of the fish; then mushrooms, pulse, and ducks' tongues, which last are considered the *ne plus ultra* of Chinese cookery; deer's tendons—a royal dish which the Emperor himself sends as a present to his favorites; and Venus's ears—a kind of unctuous shell-fish; lastly, boiled rice, served in small cups, with acanthus seeds preserved in spirits, and other condiments. Last of all tea was served."

"WHAT a shame!" said the great Draught-horse to his companion, standing with him in the shafts of a cart laden with stone.

"What's the matter?" asked the other.

"Why, our master is so unfair; here we are laboring along with this load, and just look at yon fellow with nothing but a bag of chaff on his back!" replied the first.

"Look at yon fellow, indeed!" cried the second; "yes, *do* look at him, with his broken knees, and his head hanging down and his bones sticking out; why, he hasn't a leg to stand on. Our master knows what he is about; a bag of chaff to *him* is worse than these stones are to us."

SCRIPTURAL PARALLEL.—Large placards have been stuck about Liverpool, giving the following from the 18th chapter of Revelation, apropos of the fall of Charleston: "Babylon the great is fallen; for her sins have reached unto heaven, and God hath remembered her iniquities: and the merchants of the earth shall weep and mourn over her, for no one buyeth their merchandise any more. Merchandise of gold, and silver, and precious stones, and of pearls, and fine linen, and wine, and oil, and fine flour, and wheat, and beasts, and sheep, and horses, and chariots, and slaves, and souls of men; and every shipmaster, and all the company in ships, and sailors, and as many as trade by sea [blockade-runners?] stood afar off, and cried when they saw the smoke of her burning, saying, 'What city is like unto this great city?'"

HUMAN LIFE.—Hope writes the poetry of the boy, but memory that of the man. Man looks forward with smiles, but backward with sighs. Such is the wise providence of Heaven; the cup of life is sweeter at the brim, the flavor is impaired as we drink deeper, and the dregs are made bitter that we may not struggle when it is taken from our lips.

HOW TO DISTINGUISH GOOD FROM BAD CALICO.—The cost of a yard of calico is a matter of considerable importance to the consumer who studies economy; but, unfortunately, there are those who, in wishing to practice frugality, deceive themselves into the idea that because an article is low in price it must necessarily be cheap. The result of this is a demand upon the manufacturer for low-priced goods, and he, to keep pace with the wants of his customers, introduces into his wares, when practicable, certain preparations calculated to hide the flimsiness of the products he is thus called upon to supply. This system of "dressing and finishing," as it is called, is practiced at the present time to a greater extent than ever it was before, owing to the enormous advance in the price of cotton of late years. The commonest calicoes are "dressed" with flour, china-clay, etc., and are generally so artfully "filled" with one or other of such preparations as to be very deceptive to the inexperienced eye. When, however, such a dressed fabric comes to be washed, the "extra fine finish," as it is not unfrequently called, disappears, leaving a soft, flabby, and loosely-woven texture in the hand, while the water in which it has been soaked is almost thick enough for bill-sticking purposes. The finest "makes," on the contrary, contain scarcely any "powder," and should never appear any the worse for a good soaking in the wash-tub. In order to ascertain to what extent a *plain* calico is "finished" we have but to rub a small portion of the piece to be tested sharply between the finger and thumb of each hand; for this "makes the powder fly," as the Manchester men say. If it be of the commonest quality a large quantity of "dress" will be extracted, and we shall soon see that the threads are left as far apart as those in a sieve, crossing each other unevenly, and in places going off, as it were, at tangents. Then, if we draw out a single thread and pull it asunder, it will be found to break with a *snapping* sound. If, on the contrary, the calico is a good one, scarcely any such dressing will come out of it on rubbing it; the threads will appear closely woven together; a single thread drawn out will rather *burst* than *snap* when pulled asunder, and the separated ends of such thread will present a fluffy appearance, while the whole piece will be firm and elastic to the touch.

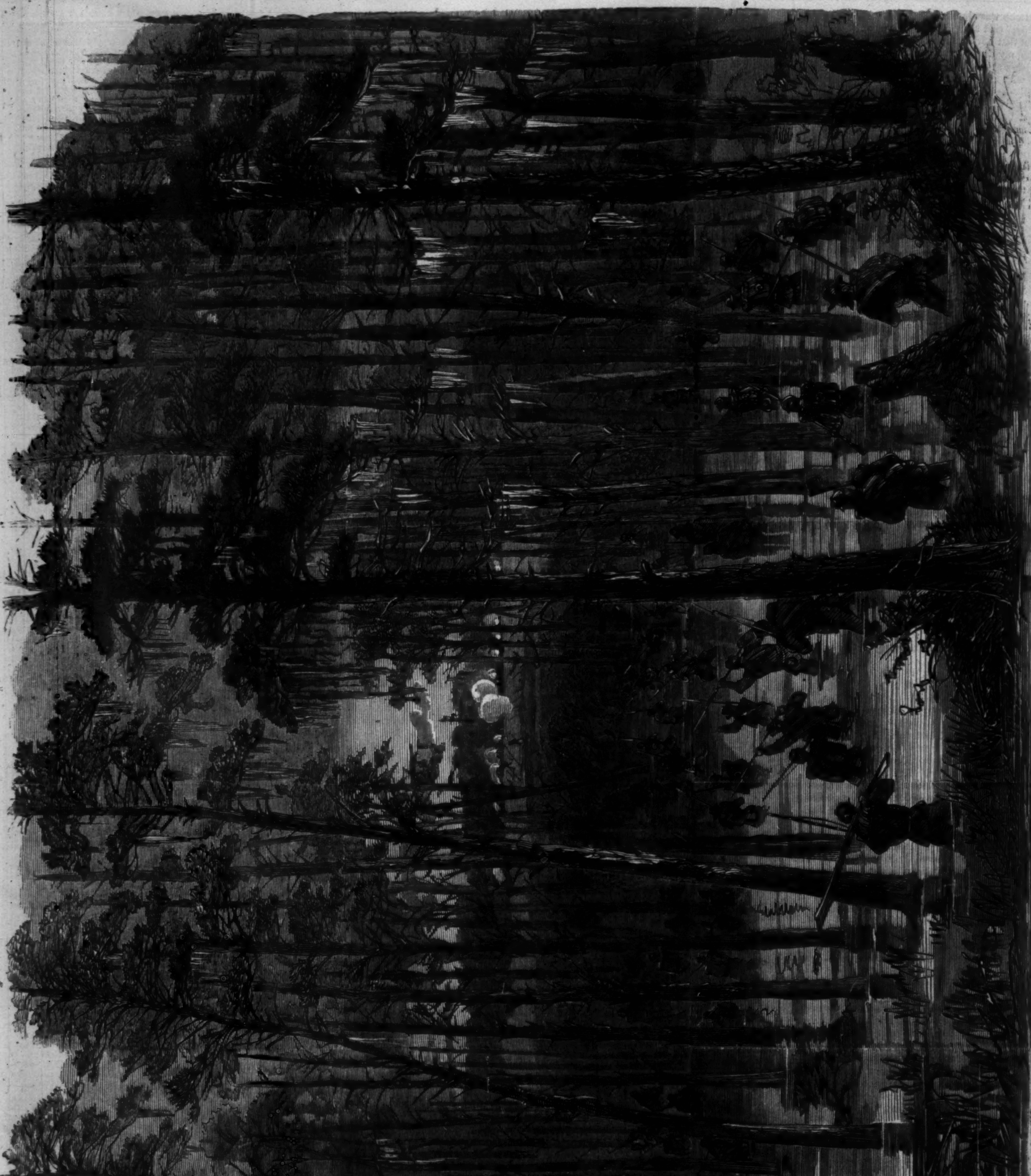
A SUBSTITUTE FOR GUNPOWDER.—A new gunpowder is said to have been discovered by Mr. L. H. G. Ehrhardt, a German. It consists of tannic gallic acid, or the resin of commerce, and chlorate or nitrate of potash. The new gunpowder is stated to be of three times the explosive force of that now in use, and one half cheaper. It leaves no residuum when exploded. It can also be kept in magazines with safety by the resin and preparation of potash being kept separately, and mixed as wanted, both the articles named being incombustible by themselves. If it bears the test of actual experiment a saving of one-third will be effected; and, the combustion being entire, it will remove all objections to rifled fire-arms, such as the fouling of Enfield rifles and Armstrong guns.

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE DUKE OF ORLEANS.—Some twenty years back, or thereabouts, I was breakfasting with my late lamented friend, Lord H. Seymour, when Decamps, the celebrated painter, was announced. During breakfast Decamps told us the following anecdote, which, he said, had occurred the day before: A gentleman called at his lodging, on the third story, and asked the porter if M. Decamps was at home, and being answered in the affirmative, the visitor was about to ascend the staircase when the porter called after him, and said, "As you are about to visit the artist, perhaps you will have no objection to carry with you his trowsers, which I have just mended?" "By all means," replied the stranger; "I shall be happy to render you this little service." Arriving at the door the visitor rang the bell, and Decamps opening the door, to his utter amazement recognized the Duke of Orleans, who laughingly presented to him the trowsers he had received from the porter.—*Gronow's Reminiscences.*

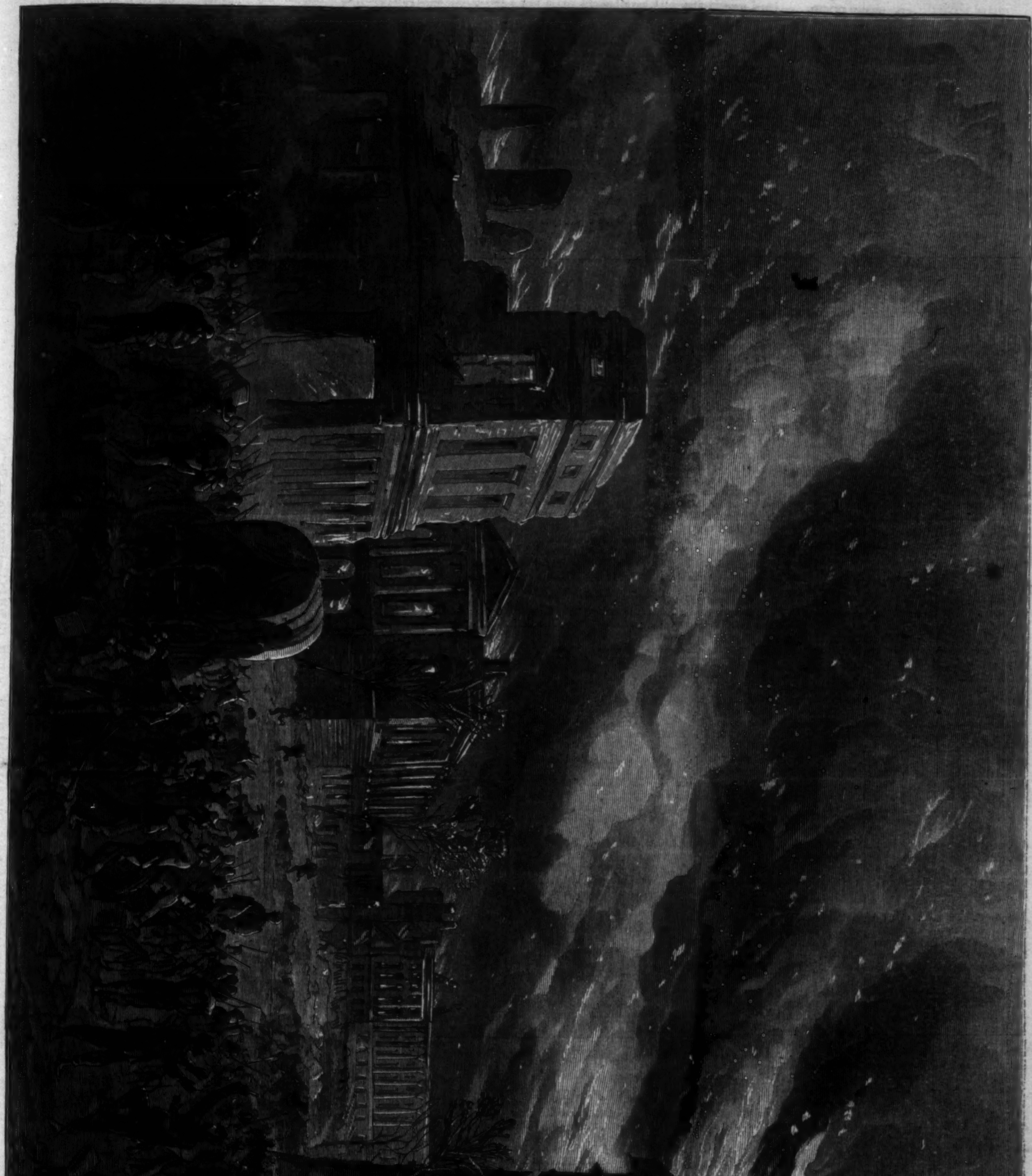
THE THREE DICTATORS.—A private letter from Paris states that at a masked ball the other night three men personating Julius Cæsar, Charlemagne, and Napoleon I. respectively, were walking arm in arm amidst roars of laughter. Cæsar was dressed like an ancient Roman exquisite, and scratched his head with his fingers. When the crowd interrupted their movements the great Roman rebuked them with humorous gravity by saying, "Happy the people who understand and obey us; woe to those who disregard and oppose us!"

THE HAIR.—Stiff hair is sometimes a sign of obstinacy, sleek locks denote patience, a curly head is always accompanied by wit and a love of pleasure. Baldness is the sign of an active mind, unless the bald man brush his back hair forward to cover the front; that is the mark of a mean and vulgar spirit, or, which is still worse, unless he wears a wig, in which case he must unquestionably be classed among the snobs. Premature gray hair denotes misanthropy, continued suffering, whether physical or moral, excessive labor, or dissipation. With regard to those abundant locks which time is powerless to bleach, they are the badge of an even disposition, and of a mediocre intellect.

A TALE of a traveler—a German and native of the same country as the modest Münschausen—comes from the Brazils. This traveler has discovered a tree on the banks of the Amazon and the shores of the Rio Branco of colossal proportions. It belongs to the family of the Bombacées, and under its branches and foliage 10,000 men can take shelter from the sun, and a whole family live and find food for their life.



CHARGE OF WEAVER'S BRIGADE ACROSS THE SALKEHATCHIE, SOUTH CAROLINA.—[Sketched by Davis.]



THE BURNING OF COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA, February 17, 1865.—[Sketched by W. Waud.]

THE HOMES OF THE POOR.

Oh! the homes we give the poor!
In the alleys damp and grim,
Where all noisome vapors swim,
In the cellar-caves that drink
Poison from the sewer and sink,
Are the homes we give the poor.

See the homes we give the poor:
Piled to weary, dangerous heights,
Toward heaven's cold and pitiless lights,
Chilled above by wind and snow,
While the fire-fiend lurks below—
See the homes we give the poor.

Are they *homes* we give the poor?
Danger sits by every gate,
Pain and misery round them wait,
Ghostly tenants put we in,
Death, disease, and shame and sin—
Homes they are not for the poor.

Have we no homes for the poor?
Hold we earth so cramped and bound
Place for these can not be found?
Do *our* homes so wide expand
That they cover all the land?
Leave we no homes for the poor?

Near us ever are the poor:
They are nearer than we think;
We but stand upon the brink
Whence we push them; and their fall
Shakes the mansion and the hall:
We are very near the poor.

Ask we how to bless the poor?
Build them houses not unmeet
To be trod by human feet—
Give them homes; and blessings thus
Shall run swift from them to us—
From the homes we give the poor.

KATE.

"What has become of the Mahons?" said Tulloch to me, about seven or eight months after his return from China, as he sat in my chambers one fine spring morning. Tulloch was my first cousin once removed, at least so his grandmother, my aunt, once explained, and the Mahons stood in the same relationship to me, on the other side of the house, and always, by-the-way, seemed to stand much nearer.

"Old Mahon was very hospitable and kind, when I went to D——; let me see, seventeen or eighteen years ago, it must be," continued Tulloch. "I nearly lived in his house. What pretty children he had!"

"Well, he has come to grief since that time," I returned. "His wife died, so did the eldest boy; the second one is away somewhere; Mahon himself is here with the two girls, and a good deal reduced in circumstances, I am sorry to say."

"The deuce he is," said Tulloch, his strong jaw drooping with sudden regret and disapprobation. He could sympathize with sorrow or mental suffering honestly enough, but there was moral guilt in pecuniary troubles which grated on his perceptions in some mysterious way.

"Is he very hard up?" he asked.

"Not that I know of," I replied, cautiously. "They seem to get on quietly, but comfortably. I often see them, and they were asking about you last Sunday."

"Is he doing anything?" asked Tulloch. "Likely to come round?"

"Well, he is not likely to make a fortune again; he is at the wrong side of sixty for that."

"Why, I thought he was as safe as the bank! He lived in such style—horses, carriages, and such a house! But I suppose he has something comfortable left?"

"I hope so. But you will come and see them?"

"Who, I? Certainly. They are not in what you call distressed circumstances? Because that is painful, and does not answer, eh?" said Tulloch.

"Oh no, not at all; you will see nothing to distress your feelings; but you need not come, you know."

"But I certainly shall come. I don't forget old times, my boy, and Mahon was uncommonly kind to me when I was a raw youngster!"

"How are you off for time? Shall we go today?"

"Yes, I have nothing particular till three. I don't care if I do. What are the daughters like?"

"As pretty girls as you would see in a day's march; up to fun, and fresh as roses."

Tulloch's eyes sparkled. He was an ardent admirer of beauty, and had seen very little freshness in the sixteen or seventeen years during which he had been absent scraping together the two hundred thousand dollars which men said he had invested safely, before he set himself to enjoy life, and live like a gentleman.

"It is some way off, but we will soon rattle down in an omnibus." Which we accordingly did. (I paid for it.)

Mahon and his daughters lodged in an old-fashioned roomy house on the sunny side of the road. The door was opened by an indiscriminate grubby sort of a bundle, known as "Matilda" by the lodgers, and the "gurl" by the missis; however, the room into which we were shown obliterated that bad impression. It was a large three-windowed apartment, with a faded carpet and faded furniture; but the muslin curtains were full and fresh, there were some pretty worked cushions about, and one or two baskets of bright flowers—besides a stand of plants in the centre window.

The eldest girl, Kate, was writing at a small table covered with papers near the fire-place. Ellie, the youngest, was diligently at work repairing a number of gloves which lay before her.

I went in first. "I have brought you a new cousin forty-five times removed, though bodily present."

Kate, whose back was toward us, sprang up, and came forward with that unspeakable welcome in eye, lip, and cheek which no mere word can ever say. She was emphatically a woman, somewhere about twenty-three or twenty-four, with a tall, rich figure, full of splendid outlines, so easy, so flowing, sinking down into chairs with careless complete repose, and rising up into tall stateliness, for which her crouching attitudes did not prepare you. With masses of chestnut brown hair, bright and clean, but, alas! not tidy, tumbling into her ink and over her paper, and thrust every now and then behind a tiny ear, showing the round white throat that looked as if its tint resulted from a diet of cream and almonds, and under the wide brow those dark gray eyes, with their long black lashes and infinite variety of expression! Oh, Kate, Kate, I was a fool then. Oh, Kate, Kate, I am a fool still!

Ellie was some six years younger; a slender, fair-haired, deer-like creature; saucy, and fearless with the daring of utter innocence; the confidence of one who had never known a wound.

Both girls had the same gray eyes, but in Kate's there was at times an intensity of expression, as though the soul was looking inward; both had mouths somewhat wider than the rule of beauty admits, the same brilliant teeth, that helped to give such radiance to the smile, but round Kate's lip a tender pensiveness hung always, though it could laugh right merrily, and smile right scornfully.

"Who is it, Cousin Harry?" said Kate, giving me her slight hand, while Ellie familiarly hugged my arm, and Tulloch stood transfixed by Kate's eyes.

"Ah!" she said. "It must be Mr. Tulloch. I think I remember his face."

Tulloch, albeit not a man of many words, managed to say that "He could remember her, though —though she was—" He paused.

"Rather better looking than she promised to be?" put in Ellie.

Tulloch colored, and we sat down.

"How is your father?" asked our relative.

"Quite well," returned Kate. "He is out," she added, addressing me; "he is gone to Mr. Timbs. He had a note this morning to say he had more work for him."

"Ah, yes," I interrupted, for I did not want them to be over-candid before Tulloch. "Your father's experience must be of great value to Mr. Timbs."

"I wish he thought so," said Ellie, laughing.

"You have been a long time away from all your friends," said Kate to Tulloch. "How glad you must be to come back!"

"Yes: it is as well to rest a while; but I am thinking of joining a concern in the city. It does not do to let one's money lie idle, and not to make the most of it."

"Idle!" cried Ellie; "certainly not. Amuse yourself diligently."

"I did not make it for that," returned Tulloch.

"What did you make it for?"

"Do not mind her, Mr. Tulloch," said Kate, smiling; "she is a saucy girl."

"And so you remember me, Miss Mahon?" asked Tulloch, who had a certain amount of restless vanity, arising from a doubtful estimate of himself.

"Yes," returned Kate. "That is, hearing your name, I know why your face is familiar to me."

"I was very anxious to see you, very," said Tulloch, "as Harry Longmore here will tell you, very anxious, indeed." And the conversation flowed on easily in an exchange of questions and compliments —these last somewhat clumsily offered by Tulloch to Kate, with whom he seemed suddenly and violently enamored. I wondered she took them so kindly, though I confess there was a tone of rough sincerity about him.

"What a charming girl!" exclaimed Tulloch, as soon as we were in the street. "I never saw such eyes, such hair, such a figure! And the young one is a fairy. Really you did not say enough for them."

"Take care, man. Kate is hard to please, so do not lose your heart and think you have a safe game."

"Game! Why, don't you think she is far too sensible not to know the value of a comfortable home and enough to keep her? However, they seem pretty comfortable. I suppose old Mahon has a trifle to leave them—not much—but still a trifle?"

"I know very little of his affairs," I was beginning, when my companion suddenly hailed an omnibus.

"May as well go that way, as we are not in a hurry."

I assented; and as we rode along meditated on the little there was to know of poor Mahon's affairs.

He got occasional work in the office of a well-known and eccentric lawyer; and Kate, who had a genius for languages, obtained frequent employment in translating French and German, while Ellie had music pupils. So, among them, they kept the wolf from the door and enjoyed life amazingly.

But Kate was the providence of the family. If Tulloch were to take a fancy to her, would it not be well for all parties? For that iron-jawed bright-eyed man, yes. But for her, though the ease and security of her material life would be secured, I shuddered at the idea of such profanation. I could see that, to him, she would be so much fair flesh; eyes, teeth, lips, hair, up to the market value he was disposed to put upon her; but the proud tender spirit, the pure frank heart with its wealth of love, the bright joyous nature, the keen intelligence, what would these be to him who only wanted a beautiful echo?

Next morning the following note was put into my hand:

"Dear Longmore,—I was very sorry to miss you and Mr. Tulloch to-day. The girls tell me he has turned out a fine young man. Bring him over to dinner on Thursday; a leg of mutton at six, and a hearty welcome. Tell him I suppose he can do without finery for an old friend. You will be glad to hear that I have a good long job with Timbs; shouldn't be surprised, if I play my cards well, that he takes me on permanently, say as manager. Any how, I see the tide's turning. The girls send their love, the darlings! Luck ought to come, if it was only for their sakes. Yours always sincerely,

"Cornelius Mahon."

I lost no time in communicating this invitation to Tulloch, who was highly pleased to accept it, and we agreed to go together the following day.

I saw immediately on entering that my Hibernian relative had imbibed a large draught of hope's elixir. There was a certain uprearing of the head, a sparkle in his bright blue eye, a curl of suppressed fun and good-humor about his mobile mouth, which bespoke magnificent schemes. Poor Mahon! His plans were generally on the inverted pyramid system; from a pin's point of a base what a spreading superstructure he could raise! Nature is a beneficent compensator. Mahon had little of this world's goods, but then fancy and temperament supplied him with true riches.

Tulloch could count on hard cash for every well-considered project his practical imagination suffered him to indulge, but beyond were no pleasant wanderings, no heart-warming anticipations for him.

While these thoughts came unsought, the object of them was bestowing the heartiest of welcomes on Tulloch. He had sprung with the agility of youth from his easy-chair, his slight tall figure almost as upright as of yore, his fine aquiline face beaming with the light of the childlike heart within.

"Delighted to see you, Tulloch, my boy!" he exclaimed. "Faith, you are a fine-looking fellow. I always said you'd fill out, and there was room for it. Lord, what a bag of bones you were! Here's little Ellie, she was only an infant when you saw her, but Kate says she remembers you. And now you are come home for good, what do you intend to do? Go to Congress?"

This, laughing heartily, Tulloch disclaimed; and, after some general talk, Mahon cried,

"Ring the bell, Ellie darling, here's Tulloch ready to pick the bones of the chair he's sitting on with the hunger."

The bell was answered by a promising jingle, and dinner appeared.

There was a round plump leg of mutton, delicately browned, and a piece of creamy white crimped cod, with rich oyster-sauce, and there was veal cutlets with forcemeat, and there was a gooseberry tart with cream, and there was a nice little dessert of oranges and grapes.

The viands were irreproachable, and if the attendance were reproachable, there was an honest jollity about the whole thing that was charming. The jumping up for bread, the hunting in improbable corners for the cork-screw, the indiscriminate opening of beer bottles by every one in turn, the benevolent striving to save Matilda from additional runs up and down stairs, gave a cheerful picnic aspect to the entertainment. Then the joyous hospitality of our host! How he beamed upon us from behind the leg of mutton and praised it, and said what a bargain it was (indeed this was the case with every thing at table), and dropped unexpected tid-bits and spoonfuls of gravy on the plates within reach, and made surprising "long arms" to those that were not, and pressed us to drink the beer and the sherry, and apologized for not having port; but that little miser Kate would not let him have any, "though, faith, he was the first of his name that ever was without a bottle of the best; not that you are a miser, my darling, but prudent, and here's your health, my jewel!" Is it not all written in the records of pleasant imprudence? It was a treat to dine with Mahon. You felt that every morsel you swallowed invigorated your host. Alas! that the unalloyed gold of such a nature is so unfit for general circulation, that the sandstone which can be so readily and gracefully moulded will not stand the wear and tear like the granite!

Tulloch was loud and emphatic in his praises of Kate's prudence. His deep-set, dark eyes dwelt upon her with such undisguised admiration that she colored, and evidently strove to avoid them.

After the cloth was removed a jug of deliciously iced cold whisky-punch was produced—the manufacture of Ellie, who declared the weather too warm and spring-like to permit hot water and the inevitable fumes.

It was a pleasant dinner; even I, though generally his Mentor, and always warning my facile cousin against unnecessary expense, was carried away by the fun, the irresistible enjoyment of Mahon, in the exercise of unwonted hospitality, the genial glow which seemed to pervade all things. And Kate looked divinely handsome in a white muslin and blue ribbons, while her sisterly confidence in me was charming, though I confess Tulloch's admiration filled me with a vague dread.

The young ladies retired to some invisible withdrawing-room, and then we talked business and politics, and then Mahon confided to us his plan for taking possession of Timbs's business.

Tulloch listened with a slight contraction of the eyes, and then he confided in turn how he intended to buy a house and furnish it, and that if Mr. Mahon thought he saw his way clearly to making a good thing of the business of which he spoke, he (Tulloch) would not mind investing five or ten thousand to forward the scheme, provided there was no risk.

"Risk! my dear fellow," cried Mahon, his eyes sparkling; "it's as certain as you are lifting that glass of punch to your head. Such an opening! Old Timbs is a clever fellow, but no enterprise, Sir. He feels it. It was only the day before yesterday he said to me: 'Mahon,' says he, 'you're a clever fellow. How is it you've come down in the world?' 'Faith I never could tell,' says I. 'Luck was against me somehow, though I was an enterprising fellow.' 'Ah!' says he; 'enterprising! Just so. *I* never was enterprising. Now, I suppose if I took you as a partner you would make my business spin prettily?' So you see the old chap has some thoughts of it. I am not given to fancy things, you know, but it looks like it; and if our friend Tulloch here was inclined to advance the capital—"

"Shall we call the girls back?" said I, hastily interrupting the conversation at this dangerous point.

Then the multifarious bottles and glasses were cleared away, and Kate quietly put all things in order, and placed a basket of flowers once more in the centre of the table, and then the piano was opened, and the girls sang simple old duets and sweet ballads, until Tulloch was in raptures, while I played backgammon with Mahon, and so the hour for parting came too soon.

Our adieux over, we strolled along, cigar in mouth.

"I fancy you live rather fast, Longmore," said Tulloch, gloomily.

"I? Far from it. I am as careful a fellow as ever lived. Why, Kate Mahon calls me a screw, and I am always preaching prudence to her father."

"Well, he seems prudent enough—at least his daughter is. What a wife that girl would make! I'll get her to choose some of my furniture."

The next time I saw Tulloch he was in a thoughtful mood.

"We had a great spread at the Mortimers'. Such a lot of dishes and wines! Why, a dinner like that must cost a fortune."

"Yes; I dare say it does. Yet I'll wager a round sum you enjoyed our little scramble at the Mahons' much better."

"I believe you!" said Tulloch, emphatically. "Why, I ate twice as much there; but—I met Miss Goldfrap. Indeed, I took her down to dinner. She is a fine girl—a tall, fair, easy-looking creature! and, Longmore, she has a hundred thousand! There is a catch!"

"Why don't you go in and win a hundred thousand?" I returned, carelessly.

"Well, I dare say I could, if I liked; but, somehow, I can not help fancying Kate Mahon. I was always a fool about a pretty face. Come now, you are in all the secrets. What tin will the old fellow leave her?"

"An old coffee-pot probably, not a jot more."

"What! do you mean to say those girls are unprovided for?"

"Yes; utterly."

"What an infernal shame!" was the energetic reply. "What a reckless old scamp that Mahon must be!" he continued, with some heat, as though personally injured. "I declare I would not have accepted his invitation to dinner if I had known all this!"

Tulloch now got into a sort of easy way of dropping in at the Mahons' and taking a cup of tea; and it was wonderful, considering the distance from his lodgings, how often he contrived to pass his evenings there. I know, whenever I could snatch an hour or two to pass there, I always found him installed—generally close to Kate—while he and Ellie rallied each other, and I was usually handed over for backgammon to the papa.

I confess I was annoyed. Could Kate care for this man, whose whole exterior was a complete though unintentional deception? He had sound health, capital digestion, and a certain surface sensitiveness which laid him peculiarly open to the delight of pleasing.

Then the superiority of his pecuniary position gave him a delicious sense of pre-eminence over those who used to patronize him, mixed with the extreme attraction Mahon's lovely daughters naturally offered; while they, inexperienced and full of all generous-heartedness, gave him credit for the truth of sympathy, which led him to desert his gayer friends for that humble house.

And Kate used even to look with admiration at his tall stately form and bold black eyes, at least I thought so! Why had I let her glide into that half-sisterly half-filial tone of intercourse? Yet, was it not better so? I was not, to use a favorite phrase, "in a position to marry," and how could I dream of dragging my sweet cousin into even deeper troubles than she had already to contend with?

It happened that we both (Tulloch and myself) met one Saturday evening, about three weeks after the little dinner above described, and, to our surprise, Kate was absent.

"Where is Kate?" was our unanimous exclamation.

"Gone to dine with Timbs; no less," returned the father, laughing heartily. "You know, he is educating her; he thinks she hasn't been properly developed, so he sends her books. What's the last she has been reading, Ellie dear? Abercrombie's Intellectual Powers? More power to him. And then, when the old fellow thinks she has sufficiently 'marked, learned, and inwardly digested it,' he sends for her, and the devil a thing have they for dinner, beyond the feast of reason and the flow of soul, but two chops. O Lord! To think of scraping up a hundred thousand dollars, spending your youth and manhood putting it together, to dine on a chop every day in a room without a carpet, when you are on the shady side of sixty! Faith, my Katie is the only glimpse of comfort the old sinner has, so he sends for her now and again, to teach her how to live. Heaven help him!" added Mahon, laughing genially out of his superior heart-wisdom. "As if she couldn't teach a dozen like him, if they were not too old to learn!"

"But," said Tulloch, a little bewildered by the train of ideas this speech suggested, "Mr. Timbs is a man of high standing in his way, a man of substantial wealth." Tulloch spoke in the tone of genuine respect with which he always mentioned money, and as though he were somewhat scandalized by Mahon's half-contemptuous mention. "I am told his name on a direction would float any company."

"May be so; he ought to have something, for it's a poor life to be always rolled up like a mummy in parchment."

Kate came in before we left. She looked a little weary.

Tulloch became, almost imperceptibly, less impressed about her than formerly. He seemed awakened to the fact that the kindly Bohemianism of the party did not suit his substantial position.

Kate observed that she did not think the renowned Timbs was well, or in his usual spirits. "Poor old man!" she added, "I feel sorry for him."

Tulloch seemed uneasy at this. How was it that persons earning their daily bread with uncertainty should look down upon and compassionate a millionaire like Timbs?

Then Kate sat down to the piano, and sang us some Scotch and Irish ballads with simple pathos, and in just the rich sweet voice you might expect from her.

We returned in an omnibus that night as usual, and before we had proceeded half-way, a little elderly pale foreign-looking woman, who sat upon the opposite side from us, suddenly discovered that she had lost her purse. She was respectably dressed, in well-preserved but faded black, and it was pitiable to see the fierce trembling anxiety with which she shook herself and disturbed every one.

"Mais bon Dieu! I had it when I got in the omnibus." A frantic plunge into her pocket. "Ah! ciel! would these gentlemen be good enough to move?"

I rose, so did Tulloch, but grumblingly. "I suppose she thinks we picked her pocket," he muttered.

"Hush!" said I, for the poor soul, seeing that it was indeed gone, sank down on the seat and covered her face, with such sincere and genuine emotion, that I could not but feel touched.

"But I have not money to pay my fare," she exclaimed, removing her hands from her face, which looked ghastly.

Feeling considerably ashamed of myself, I said, "Do not let that distress you; I shall be very happy to pay it: I hope you did not lose much."

"No, not much, yet all to me! Thank you, Sir; you do me a great service."

When she got out I very readily paid the fare to the driver.

"Well, you *are* green!" said Tulloch, with a sneer, as we stood in the street. "I never saw a more regular 'do.'"

"I do not agree with you," I returned, rather warmly; "at any rate, if a 'do,' not a very expensive one."

"A dime's a dime," said Tulloch, "and if she had had any thing in her purse she would have taken better care of it."

"Well, I don't begrudge my dime. Good-night."

We—that is, Kate and I—went the next day but one after this to hear the music at the Park. There was the usual crowd; however, we were lazily amused watching the motley mass of color and variety of countenance, while many an eye was turned admiringly on my beautiful companion. Suddenly I exclaimed, "Why, there's Tulloch, and a very pretty girl with him!"

"Where?" cried Kate, eagerly.

I pointed him out, and, as I looked in her speaking face, could not help fancying her countenance changed and her color paled.

The lady beside whom Tulloch walked was above middle height and plump, not to say fat. She had a fair, round, fresh-colored face, and a pair of baby blue eyes; a contented smile sat upon her countenance, and she looked the very picture of material ease and comfort. She was richly and becomingly dressed, evidently by a good artiste, and her whole appearance was in perfect accordance with the requirements of conventionality.

Tulloch seemed to pay assiduous court to her, and the lady seemed well pleased.

"Don't you know who it is?" said Kate.

"No."

"Why, it is Miss Goldfrap, the heiress."

"Is it indeed?"

We watched them take several turns; they were evidently accompanied by a large and brilliant party. As they passed us for the third or fourth time Tulloch's eye caught Kate's; he looked a little confused, and merely bowed his recognition.

Kate smiled (a bitter smile).

"Mr. Tulloch is on his good behavior to-day," she said; "he must not acknowledge his country cousins."

I laughed somewhat uneasily, for I felt unspeakably vexed. Here had this fellow been indulging in the cordial delight of those friendly evenings with poor old Mahon and his daughters, and doing his best to persuade Kate he was in love with her, and now, at the first glimpse of a richer prize, he was off. It was too bad! And Kate—I could not make her out. Could she care for him? It was hard to say. The most unattractive man at other times acquires a wonderful interest in the eyes of a woman who believes he loves her.

"It is time to go home, Harry," said Kate; "and will you come in and have tea? Papa will be home about seven, and you do not mind roughing it with us?"

"No, certainly not; and I have a book here for Ellie which I want to talk to her about. By-the-way, how does your education get on with Timbs?"

"Oh, very well indeed; he is very good to me in his queer way, and has been ever since I went to him so boldly—with no introduction beyond his having been papa's correspondent long ago—and asked him to give my father work. How wonderfully we have got on since we came here, and what a friend you have been, dear cousin!" She pressed my arm so tenderly to her side, looking up into my face. Oh, what a tender look of gratitude! What pain and pleasure it gave me! She loved me, but only as a useful old friend.

As we passed through the less frequented part of the Park we met Tulloch returning alone. He greeted Kate with rather forced cordiality, and said he was coming to look for her. She received him kindly enough, and we strolled on together. As we approached the further gate a lady in rusty black came in from one of the sidewalks, and went slowly along in front of us. It was a small unfashionable figure, and yet the gait and air were refined, and the aspect was that of a gentlewoman.

"How like that person before us is to our old French governess, Madame la Rose; so like," exclaimed Kate, "it transports me back to old times to look at her! It must be ten years since we parted. Do you remember her, Cousin Harry? She left when we broke up, and went abroad. How kind and good she used to be!"

Here the person in question sat down wearily on a bench, and as we drew near Kate cried aloud, "It is Madame la Rose! Dear Madame, don't you remember Kate?" And they were embracing and half crying the next moment.

Tulloch's brow darkened, and he looked greatly annoyed. "I tell you, Kate, this would look very queer if any one we knew came by; do stop this nonsense," he said, rudely and peremptorily.

She raised her head indignantly. "Then leave us if you are ashamed," she said; "you are not wanted here!"

Tulloch turned pale with anger. He thought his money entitled him to the tenderest consideration, the most careful observance. He turned to go.

"Don't be offended," I said, laughing; "*you* began it; Kate is not in earnest."

"I don't know that. But I warn you, Longmore, take care of that woman: she is an impostor. I thought so the night before last; I am certain of it now."

"We will see," I returned; for I also had recognized the stranger to be the poor woman who lost her purse.

Tulloch walked off, and I turned to Kate, who was now seated by her ex-governess, tenderly holding her trembling hand and looking into her face with those wonderful gray eyes—those eyes like wells of kindliness wherein weary hearts might steep themselves and be refreshed.

"Oh, it is the good God who has guided you to me," the poor Frenchwoman was saying, "and I was in despair! I had eaten my last meal, and paid my last week's lodging; for the day before yesterday, returning from an unsuccessful attempt to get an engagement, some villain stole my purse. But for a kind gentleman I could not even have paid my fare. And to-day I strove to find some one in this wilderness to help me, but in vain, and my courage is gone. I have been ill too."

"Let me speak to you, Cousin Harry," said Kate, drawing me aside. "I must help this poor dear thing, and I have not a penny to spare. Had I not better take her home? Ellie and I have a large room; she can sleep there, and perhaps we can help her to pupils."

"My dear girl, you have enough to do to provide for your own wants. This would be an imprudence. You do not know what a burden you may bring upon yourself."

"I know it is imprudent; but what can I do? She is an eminently self-helpful woman. I can not desert her in her sore distress. How could I ask for help if I did? No, Cousin Harry; there is no choice."

"Come with me, dear old friend," she said, again taking Madame la Rose's hand, "come! We are poor enough; but what we have we will share with you till you can help yourself. Come; you know what pleasure it will give us to have you for a guest. Take my arm; it is not far."

"Ah, noble heart! Ever the same from childhood," cried the delighted Frenchwoman. "I must go with thee; yet will I not long be a burden. I shall gain strength and confidence amidst your kind faces and familiar voices."

"Well," said I, "if madame will let me assist her—for I see she is a good deal shaken—we shall reach your abode all the sooner, Kate."

"Ah," returned Madame la Rose, "it is the gentleman who so kindly assisted me the other evening! Sir, you have brought me good fortune."

How Mahon welcomed the poor lonely Frenchwoman and treated her as if she were a princess, and talked of all the obligations he was under to her, and how he mixed her a tumbler of whisky-punch (which was abomination to her French palate), and how he gloried in her reminiscences of his past grandeur, and confided to her his prospects of future splendor, would take a far more eloquent pen than this poor pen of mine to describe.

I dare say it was all very imprudent. Nevertheless, if the recording angel's office be not abolished in these hard times, that night's work was a grand entry for his glorious volume.

Tulloch was in a sad state about this proceeding of Kate's. In fact, the whole family went down I don't know how many per cent. through so flagrant and reckless an act.

"I am afraid those people are incorrigible. In short, poverty only teaches extravagance and bad habits. I feel it due to myself to draw out of that concern as fast as I can. I am an open-handed, open-hearted sort of fellow, and I feel I must resist my natural inclinations and try to be consistent. I should have liked well enough to have given that old woman a dime the other night; but you see it would have been an infringement of the principle, eh?"

"Very likely," said I.

"Now, when you are among a substantial lot of people like the Grimeses and that set, you feel safe. There will be no demands made upon you, no—"

A knock at the door interrupted him.

"Come in!" said I. And enter Mahon and Ellie, looking like a wild rose, in a fresh blue muslin, a straw bonnet, and white ribbons.

"Come to pay you a visit, Harry, my boy. Saturday is Ellie's holiday, and poor Timbs is so ill nobody gives me any work in the office now, so we came off early. And how are you, Mr. Tulloch? Faith, you have been a stranger of late. What have you been doing with yourself? You ought to come over of an evening, as you used. We have a most agreeable woman staying with us, a French lady, a trifle come down in the world, like myself, but knows life well."

Poor Mahon was oblivious of the fact that Tulloch knew the whole circumstance, and that the most extended knowledge of life was of small value in his eyes if not founded on a solid basis of credit at your banker's.

"Oh, papa! Mr. Tulloch knows all about it," said Ellie, with a wicked twinkle in her eye. "He knows what a misfortune poor madame met with, and as she wants all sorts of things we can not get her, I am going to try a subscription for her. Now, I know you are rich and generous, Mr. Tulloch, so I shall begin with you! Come! What shall I put you down for?"

Tulloch looked very black. "I seldom subscribe, except to well-known charities," he began.

"Well known! and is not this well known?" cried Ellie. "Come, I'll let you off with ten dollars, in consideration of not appearing in print. Come, it is cheap, you know; because if Goldfrap and Co. were getting up a thing of the kind you would have to give fifty."

"Ah!" cried Mahon, "do not limit him, maybe he'd like to give the fifty unknown."

We all (except Tulloch) laughed heartily.

"Well," said Tulloch, rising, "I was going over to say good-by to you to-day, for I am off to Boston for a week or two."

"Oh, good gracious! Give me the money first, and I'll tell Kate you are a darling!"

Tulloch resigned himself, and produced the amount.

"Give my love to Kate. I'll come and see her as soon as I return. And, Mr. Mahon, excuse me, but get rid of that Frenchwoman as soon as you can. Why should you burden yourself with her?"

"Burden! Sure it's a pleasure. And the girls find her a great comfort."

So Tulloch departed, and I could not say whether he left much regret for that departure behind him; for in a day or two I went on circuit myself and was absent a month.

On my return I found two letters awaiting me. The first was from Ellie. She informed me that they were going on very tranquilly, and that Madame la Rose had got two pupils, and spoke of taking a room in the same house, so as to board with them.

"Mr. Timbs is dead, you will be sorry to hear," she continued, "so papa has lost that source of present work and grand anticipation. We have never seen or heard any thing of Mr. Tulloch since the day I extracted the ten dollars from him. Do you think he died of the operation? Do come out and see us soon. I think Kate looks ill, and is not as bright as she used to be. She sends her love—so does madame—so do I. Ever yours, Ellie M.

"P.S.—An old clerk of Timbs's told papa that you were to be married shortly to a lady with quantities of money, the daughter of an eminent personage. I hope it is not true. What should we do without you?"

How could so absurd an account get into circulation? And how could Kate—that is Ellie—believe it?

The other letter was from Tulloch, and announced his engagement to Miss Goldfrap:

"I wish"—he wrote—"you would see the Mahons and break this matter to Kate. I do not mind confiding to you that the poor girl was extremely partial to me; nor was it without an effort that I gave her up. Nothing but a sense of what was due to myself would have induced me to do so; but when all expenses come to be paid out of one pocket it makes a serious difference. Be sure you say how warmly I admire her, and any thing else that would soothe her feelings which suggests itself."

Confound the coxcomb! To dare to write thus of my peerless Kate! But must he not have had good reason to do so, or, with his caution, he would not? Oh, idiot that he was, to weigh a few thousands against the worth of such a gem! Well, it's an ill wind that blows no one good; she may turn to me yet. And really this last circuit shows me a very fair chance of success. In four or five years, at this rate, I may venture—

But my further speculations were cut short by the entrance of Mahon in a state of the wildest excitement, with a letter in his hand.

"Longmore, my dear fellow, here's great news; read that. Sure that poor fellow Timbs has left my darling Katie his residuary legatee. Residuary; no less! And faith they say he has left a bank of money: but as sure as ye sit there, them devils of lawyers will cheat the poor girl of the half of it. We got the letter this morning, so I came to you direct—you that have been our friend through thick and thin, sunshine and storm! Now go to these people, 'Pluckett and Maule,' and inquire about it, and find out when we can touch the cash, and come back and dine, and I'll go and order in a nice little dinner, with a bottle of Port and Champagne too, faith!"

The letter in question was from a well-known firm, to whom I soon proceeded, and who permitted me to peruse a copy of the will. It proved, that after large bequests to charities, to distant relatives, to old servants, a large residue came to my fair cousin—so large as even to surpass the fortune of Miss Goldfrap. After a few formalities she would be able to take possession.

A few weeks later, and I was explaining and advising with Kate in a long *tête-à-tête* interview. After listening to her quiet and sensible projects respecting her father and sister, I approached a subject we had hitherto avoided.

"How furi-us Tulloch will be when he finds he lost you a[illegible] go less money with Miss Goldfrap!"

"Why?" she asked.

"Because—because—but I can not jest, dear Kate, about what may have cost you even a passing grief—he was not worthy of you!"

"What are you talking of?" she exclaimed, indignantly. "Why, you must know that Mr. Tulloch was a man utterly without attraction for me; was not at all the sort of man I could fall in love with." Meeting my eye, she blushed and bent her head. Her glorious hair fell over her cheek and had to be shaken back again.

"Not the sort of man you could fall in love with?" I asked, my heart beating wildly. "What sort of man *could* you fall in love with, Kate?"

"One who can be generous as well as prudent," she said, in a low tone, clasping her hands together; "one who can do long and true service to a friend, as though it were a personal gratification; one who is brave enough to give his arm to a poor forlorn shabby stranger in the gayest gathering-place in New York!"

"Kate—beloved Kate!" I threw myself at her feet.

"No! Not there, truest, kindest; but in my arms! to my heart!" said Kate.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Why is a candle-maker the worst and most unfortunate of men?—Because all his works are wicked, and all his wick-ed works are brought to light.

What colors did the wind and waves represent the last storm at sea?—The waves *rose*, the winds *blue*.

A correspondent in Illinois sends the following: In Peshtigo, Wisconsin, the flags were all flying to the breeze in honor to the second inauguration of President Lincoln, it being the 4th of March. A stranger in town, meeting one of the young ladies, asked her the meaning of so much display. "Why," said she, "they've hired the man what's carried on the war for four years longer."

A young lady was recently cured of palpitation of the heart, by a young doctor, in the most natural way imaginable. He held one of her hands in his, put his arm round her waist, and whispered something in her ear.

Why can not two bishops row in the same boat?—Because they are in different sees.

Alfonso Lombardi, a celebrated sculptor of the Emperor Charles V., was a great coxcomb. He got punished one day by a lady of Bologna, to whom he took it into his head to make love in a foppish manner. She was his partner at a ball, in the midst of which he turned to her, and, heaving a profound sigh, said, as he looked her in the face with what he thought ineffable sweetness in his eyes, and we may suppose some fantastic and writhing gesture, "If 'tis not love I feel, pray what is it?" "Perhaps," said the young lady, "something bites you."

A ship that is to be pitched by the sea should be thoroughly *pitched* before she goes into it.

A long-baffled creditor publishes the subjoined advertisement: "Wanted, a thin man, who is used to the business of collecting, to crawl through keyholes and find debtors who are 'never at home.' Salary, nothing the first year, to be doubled each year after."

Two sparks from London, while enjoying themselves among the heather in Argyleshire, came upon a decent-looking shepherd reading upon the top of a hill. They accosted him by remarking: "You have a fine view here; you will see a great way." "Ou aye, ou aye, a ferry great way." "Ah! you will see America from here?" "Farrer than that," said Donald. "Ah! how's that?" "Ou, juist wait till the mist gangs awa, an' you'll see the mune!"

Sambo on Woman.—Dey may rail against wimmin as much as dey like, dey can't set me up against dem. I had always in my life found them fust in love—fust in a quarrel—fust in de dance—de fust in de ice-cream saloon—and de fust, best, and last in de sick room. What should we poor debbils do widout dem? Let us be born as little, as ugly, and as helpless as you please, and a woman's arms are open to receib us. She it am who gibs us our fust dose of castor ile, and puts close upon our helpless, naked limbs, and cubbers up our foots and toses in long flannel petticoats; and it am she who, as we grows up, fills our dinner-baskets with apples as we starts to skool, and licks us when we tears our trowsers.

Says I to S——, "If I marry the girl I am most interested in at the present time, why will my wife be the death of me?—Because it'll be Sue," I sighed (suicide).

A little nine-year-old was going to a little party the other evening, and his mother was taking a last look to see that all was right, when she said, "Don't be rude, now, Charlie; don't be boisterous." He stood in the doorway, and saying, "No, I'll be *gal*strous," shut the door and ran off to his party.

A Quaker having married for his wife a member of the Church of England, was asked, after the ceremony, by the clergyman for his fee, which he said was a crown. The Quaker, astonished at the demand, said if he could be shown any text in Scripture which proved the fees were a crown he would give it, upon which the clergyman directly turned to the 12th chapter of Proverbs, verse 4th, where it is said, "A virtuous woman is a *crown* to her husband." "Thou art right," replied the Quaker, "in thy assertion: Solomon was a wise man; here is thy money which thou hast well and truly earned."

Anecdote of Raphael.—Two cardinals objected to this great master of the pencil, that in one of the pieces he had put too much red in the countenances of Saint Peter and Saint Paul. "Be not astonished at that, my lords; I have painted them as they are in heaven, blushing with shame at seeing the church *so badly governed*."

It happened that Swift, having been dining at some little distance from Laracor, his residence, was returning home on horseback, in the evening, which was pretty dark. Just before he reached a neighboring village his horse lost a shoe. Unwilling to run the risk of laming the animal by continuing his ride in that direction, he stopped at one Kelly's, the blacksmith of the village, where, having called the man, he asked him if he could shoe a horse with a candle. "No," replied the son of Vulcan; "but I can with a hammer."

If a lady is asked how many rings she h[illegible] say with truth that there's no end to them.

A plaintiff, in stating his case before the provost of a certain Scotch burgh, having had occasion to speak of a party who was dead, repeatedly described him as the defunct. Irritated by the iteration of a word which he did not understand, the provost exclaimed, "What's the use o' talking sae muckle about this chield you ca' the defunct? canna ye bring the man here and let him speak for himsel'?" "The defunct's dead, my lord," added the weaver. "Oh! that alters the case," gravely observed the sapient provost.

Bunyan's Sarcasm.—A Quaker called upon Bunyan in jail one day, with what he professed to be a message from the Lord. "After searching for thee," said he, "in half the jails of England, I am glad to have found thee at last." "If the Lord sent thee," said Bunyan, sarcastically, "you would not have needed to take so much trouble to find me out, for He knows that I have been in Bedford jail these seven years past."

A Tight Fit.—Intoxication.

A Candid Preacher.—A clergyman one Sunday was complimented by one of his friends on the discourse he had been delivering. "South himself" (alluding to the eminent divine of that name), exclaimed the auditor, "never preached a better." "You are right," replied the honest preacher, "it was the very best he ever did preach."

A Sensible Lunatic.—A lunatic, confined in an asylum for life, being asked how he came there, answered, "By a dispute. The world said I was mad, and I said that the world was mad, and they carried it against me."

A Scotchman's Tenacity.—On one occasion during a debate in the House of Commons, one of the members of the House was inquiring for a representative of a Scotch County, and was informed that he had left his place. "I never before," said the M.P., "knew a Scotchman quit his place." "Except," added a friend near him, "except his native place."

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

Why is law like a flight of rockets?

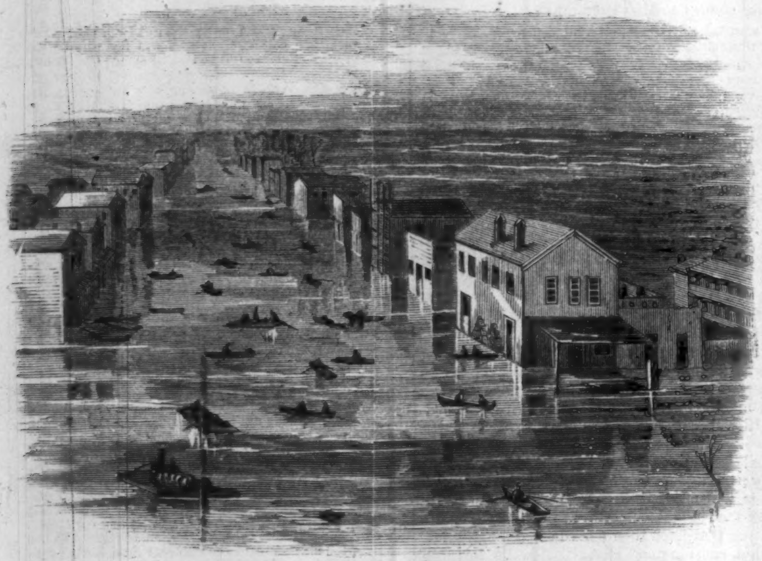
Because there is great expense of powder, the cases are well got up, the reports are excellent, but the sticks (clients) are sure to come to the ground.

Why is a race-horse like a lollypop?

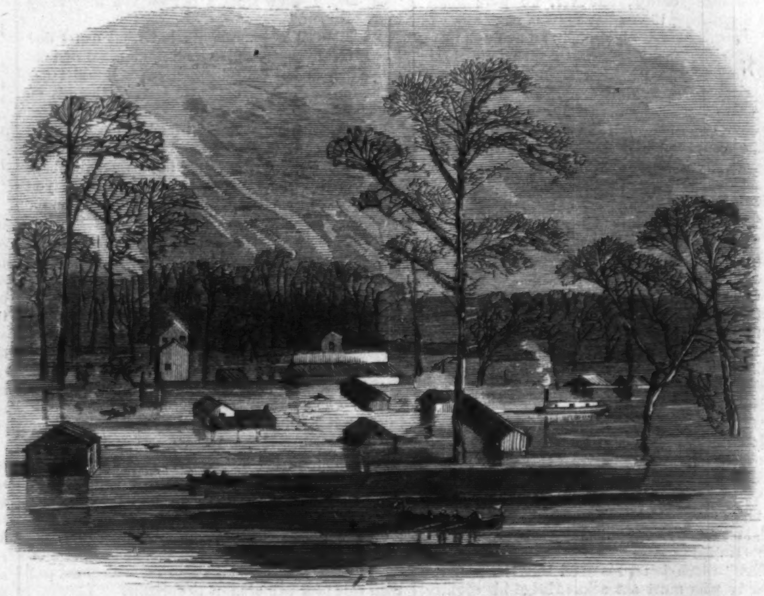
The more you lick it the faster it goes.

SCENES IN THE RECENT DISASTROUS FRESHETS.

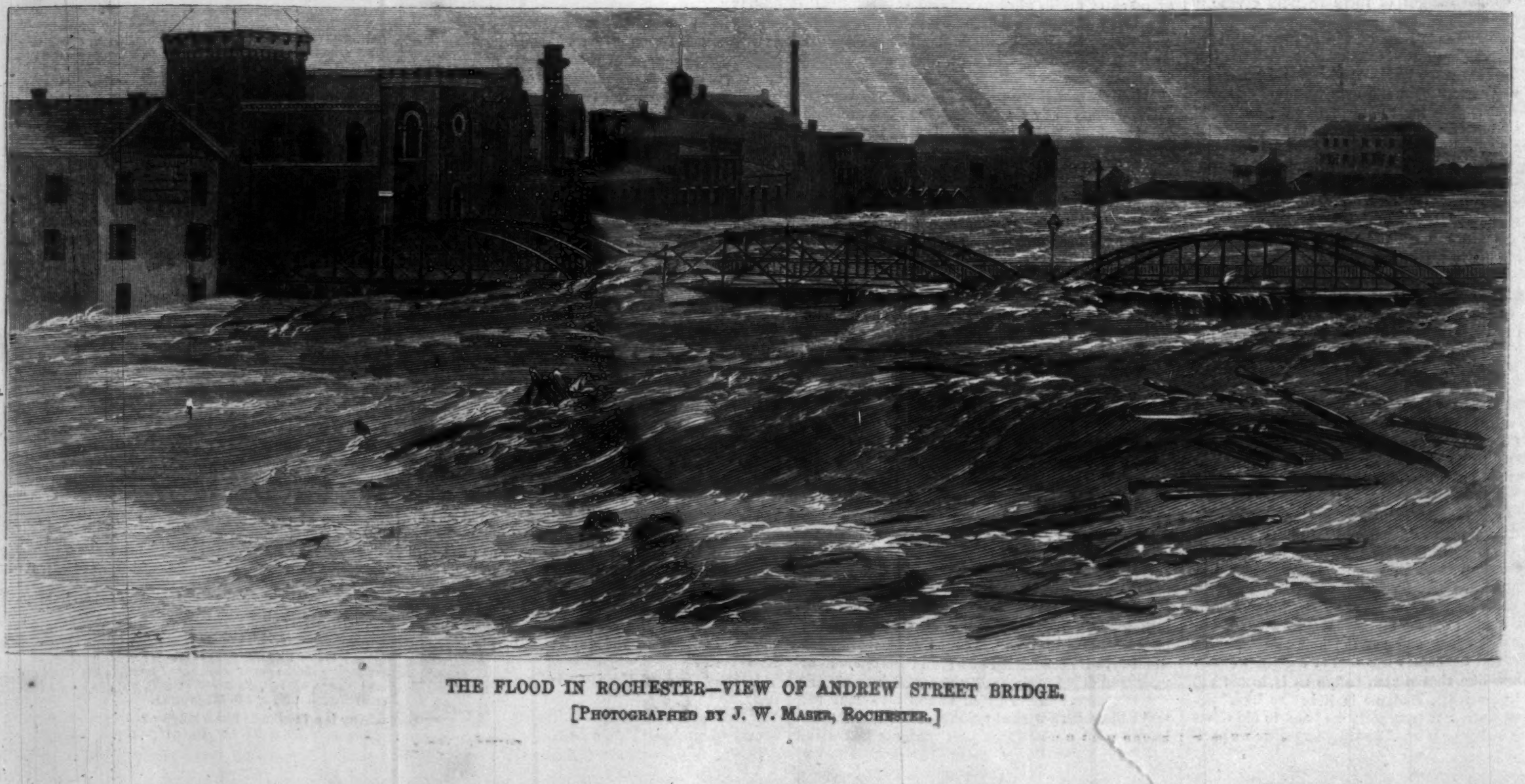
THE FLOOD IN ROCHESTER—VIEW OF THE SOUTH SIDE OF BUFFALO STREET.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BACON & TAYLOR, ROCHESTER.]



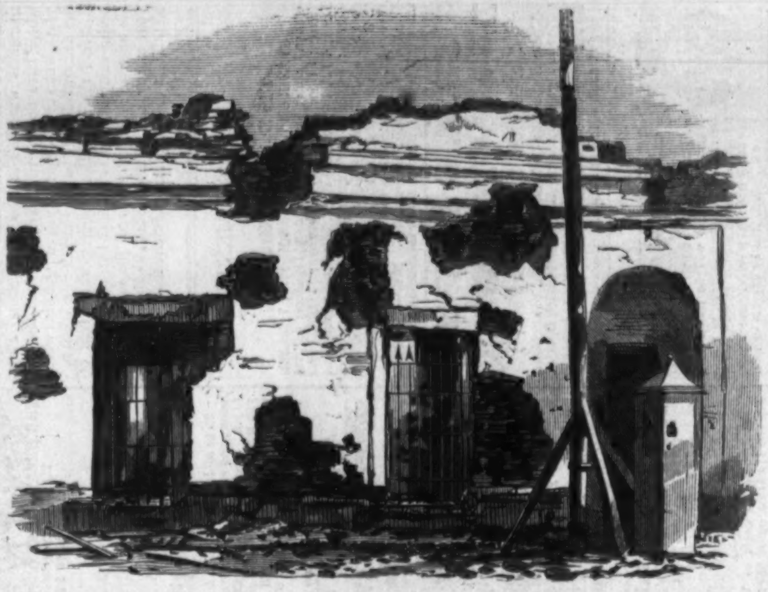
FLOOD IN MOUND CITY, ILLINOIS—A STREET SCENE.
[SKETCHED BY ADAM ROHE.]



"HAPPY HOLLOW," NEAR MOUND CITY, ILLINOIS.
[SKETCHED BY ADAM ROHE.]



THE FLOOD IN ROCHESTER—VIEW OF ANDREW STREET BRIDGE.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. W. MASER, ROCHESTER.]



LEANDRO GOMEZ'S HEAD-QUARTERS, PAYSANDU.

LEANDRO GOMEZ.

THE TURRET FORT, PAYSANDU.

THE WAR IN SOUTH AMERICA.

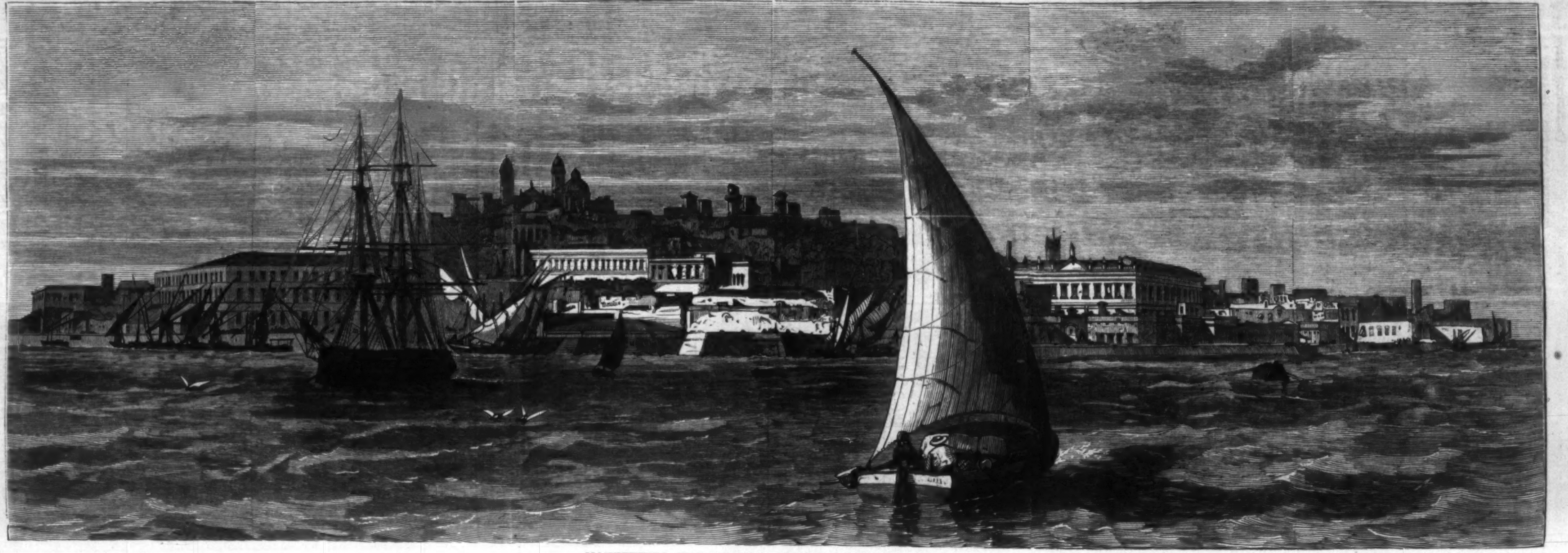
NOTWITHSTANDING the intensity of interest with which we await the developments of our own civil war, we can not be indifferent to the more distant conflict in which Brazil is engaged against the South American Republics of Paraguay and Uruguay. The cause of this will be best understood by a brief retrospect of the last two years. During that time Uruguay, which touches the southern border of Brazil, and is wedged in, as it were, between her and the Argentine Republic, has been distracted by rebellion. The revolution, headed by Flores, has been gaining headway, the government of Uruguay being too weak to oppose an adequate resistance. Paraguay, which is just north of Uruguay, has awaited with interest the development of the revolution, throwing her influence against Flores and his party. Brazil, whose government is imperial, hoped for the destruction of the Republic. She complained that her citizens were imperiled by the situation in Uruguay, and threatened interference. Thereupon President Lopez, of Paraguay, declared to the Brazilian government that he should consider the invasion of Uruguay by Brazilian troops a cause of war.

Brazil, however, persisted in her interference. On the 16th of October, 1864, she blockaded the ports of Uruguay. One of those most strictly blockaded was Paysandú. On the 6th of December the Brazilian squadron co-operated with the army of Flores in an attack upon this town. During that day seven hundred bombs were thrown into the place from four Brazilian gun-boats, while Flores with three thousand men attacked by land. The town was defended by Leandro Gomez most gallantly. Gomez had in his command a force not quite one-third as strong as that engaged in the attack.

Paysandú resisted every open attack, but the rebels and invaders ultimately succeeded in taking the place. Paysandú was formerly a very thriving town on the River Uruguay; it is now, however, little better than a heap of ruins, and in the possession of the Brazilians. Leandro Gomez was murdered by the victors, and his body shamefully mutilated. We give on this page some illustrations, engraved from photographs, representing the ruins of Paysandú. One of these represents the *Comandancia Militar*, or Gomez's head-quarters. Only the front wall is standing, and it is so battered by cannon-shot that we can only recognize it was once a house by the grated windows.

Another represents the *Turret Fort*, whence the heroic garrison made its last stand. This work was almost entirely destroyed.

From Paysandú it is expected that Flores and his Brazilian Allies will move down the river and lay siege to Montevideo, the capital of Uruguay, situated on the Rio de la Plata. We give below a view of this place. It is situated on a gentle elevation, at the extremity of a small peninsula.



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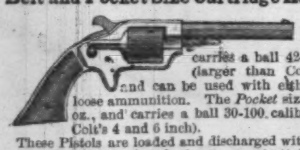

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Some time in 1856 an individual, who purchased a bottle for a hard cough, was not only cured of the cough, but also of a severe kidney complaint of ten years' endurance. This being truly *a discovery*, the fact was mentioned to a skillful physician, who replied in substance that the bark of White Pine was one of the best diuretics known, provided its astringency could be counteracted. If the other articles entering into the *Compound* would effect this, a fortune was in the Medicine! The *fortune* has not yet been reached; but the hundreds of cures effected by the *Compound*, in the most aggravated cases of Kidney diseases, including *Diabetes*, prove it to be a wonderful Medicine for such ailments. A large number of physicians now employ it or recommend it for such use.

But while the *White Pine Compound* is so useful in kidney inflammation, it is also a wonderful curative in all throat and lung diseases. It so quickly and soothingly allays inflammation that hoarseness and soreness are removed as if by magic. Numerous cases have been reported to the originator where relief in very severe cases has been experienced in one hour, and a *cure* effected in twenty-four hours.

There is a very natural reason for this. The bark, and even the leaves or "needles," of White Pine, contain eminent medicinal qualities. The Indians employed the bark of White Pine in treating diseases long before the settlement of America by Europeans.

A wash of the bark, steeped in water, is exceedingly useful in reducing inflammation and cleansing old sores. In fine, the virtues of White Pine Bark are known every where, and this, doubtless, is one grand reason why the *White Pine Compound* was so favorably received at the first.

The past year has given a great opportunity to test the virtues of the *White Pine Compound*. It has been an unusual time for Colds and Coughs, and very large quantities of the *White Pine Compound* have been sold and used with the happiest effects. It speaks well for the Medicine that the people living where it is prepared are high in its praise.

TESTIMONIALS.

A very large number of important testimonials have already been received from Physicians, Clergymen, Apothecaries, and indeed from all classes in society, speaking in the most flattering terms of the White Pine Compound.

Dr. Nichols, of Northfield, Vt., says:

"I find the White Pine Compound to be very efficacious not only in coughs and other pulmonic affections, but also in affections of the kidneys, debility of the stomach, and other kindred organs."

Rev. J. K. Chase, of Rumney, N. H., writes:

"I have for years regarded your White Pine Compound as an invaluable remedy. I can truly say that I regard it as even more efficacious and valuable than ever. I have just taken the Compound for a cold, and it works charmingly."

Hon. P. H. Sweetser, of South Reading, writes:

"Having long known something of the valuable medicinal properties of the White Pine, I was prepared, on seeing an advertisement of your White Pine Compound, to give the medicine a trial. It has been used by members of my family for several years for colds and coughs, and in some cases of serious kidney difficulties with excellent results. Several of our friends have also received much benefit from the Compound. We intend to keep it always on hand.

From James J. Hoyt.
Bradford, N. H., Sept. 1860.

Dr. Poland,—In the fall of 1857 I took a very violent cold, which brought on a very severe cough, pain in side and lungs, and raising blood. I was also very badly afflicted with that troublesome disease—the *Kidney Complaint*. For the three years past I have been very much troubled with my throat and lungs, choking up and raising an immense sight, with a bad cough after raising blood; I felt that my time here must be short unless I soon got relief. The Spring I was induced to try your White Pine Compound, though my faith in it was small. But to my astonishment, before I had taken two bottles, my cough was better, the kidney trouble also, and I could rest nights without choking up and raising so much. I have taken nearly three bottles, and am feeling like a well man.

I would add, that my father's family is inclined to consumption, my father, mother, and two sisters having died of it.

From Stephen Bartlett.
Bradford, N. H., July, 1860.

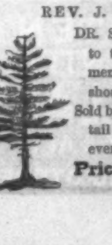
Dr. Poland,—I had been afflicted with Kidney Complaint for a long time, and had a bad cough of ten years' standing, which caused me to spit blood quite frequently. No one of my acquaintances expected I would get my health again. But *two bottles* of your White Pine Compound have cured me of both the cough and Kidney Complaints. I would also state that a lady, a neighbor of ours, was so badly afflicted with a cough that she sat up only long enough to have her bed made, and we all thought she was going in a quick consumption. She took only *one bottle* of your Compound, and it *cured* her. She is just as well now as ever she was.

The White Pine Compound, advertised at length in our columns, is not only as to its name inviting, but is a highly approved medicine. Dr. J. W. Poland, the inventor, has the confidence of many who know him—a confidence which he enjoyed while laboring usefully many years as a Baptist minister. His experience as a sufferer led him to make experiments which issued in his medical discovery. *—Boston Watchman and Reflector.*

THE WHITE PINE COMPOUND,
GEORGE W. SWETT, M.D., Proprietor,

Will be manufactured in future at the NEW ENGLAND BOTANIC DEPOT, 106 HANOVER STREET, BOSTON.

Under the supervision of
REV. J. W. POLAND, M.D.



DR. SWETT will attend to the business department, to whom all orders should be addressed.

Sold by Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Medicine every where.

Price 75 Cents per Bottle.

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One Million Dollars' Worth!
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ONE DOLLAR EACH!

Without regard to value!! Not to be paid for until you know what you are to receive!!!

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All to be sold at One Dollar Each!!

300	Music Boxes, each..................	$20 to	$150
150	" " with Bells and Castinets	200 "	500
500	Silver Teapots and Coffee Urns.......	20 "	50
500	" Chafing-Dishes..............	30 "	100
1000	" Ice Pitchers..................	20 "	50
2500	" Syrup Cups with Salvers.......	20 "	50
5000	" Goblets and Drinking Cups....	5 "	50
3000	" Castors......................	15 "	50
2000	" Fruit, Card and Cake Baskets.	20 "	50
5000	Dozen Silver Tea Spoons, per dozen..	10 "	20
10,000	" " Table Spoons and forks, per dozen............	20 "	40
250	Gents' Gold Hunting-Case Watches..	50 "	150
250	Ladies' Gold and Enameled-Case do..	35 "	70
500	Gents' Hunting-Case Silver Watches.	35 "	70
200	Diamond Rings......................	50 "	100
5,000	Gold Vest and Neck Chains..........	4 "	30
3,000	Gold Oval Band Bracelets...........	4 "	8
5,000	Jet and Gold Bracelets.............	6 "	10
2,000	Chatelaine Chains and Guard Chains	5 "	20
7,000	Solitaire and Gold Brooches........	4 "	10
5,000	Coral, Opal, and Emerald Brooches...	4 "	8
5,000	Mosaic, Jet, Lava, and Florentine Ear Drops.......................	4 "	8
7,500	Coral, Opal, and Emerald Ear Drops.	4 "	6
4,000	California Diamond Breast-Pins.....	2 50 "	10
3,000	Gold Fob and Vest Watch Keys.....	2 50 "	8
4,000	Fob and Vest Ribbon Slides.........	3 "	10
5,000	Sets of Solitaire Sleeve Buttons, Studs, etc..............	3 "	8
3,000	Gold Thimbles, Pencils, etc..........	4 "	6
10,000	Miniature Lockets..................	2 50 "	10
4,000	" " Magic Spring.....	10 "	20
3,000	Gold Toothpicks, Crosses, etc........	2 "	8
5,000	Plain Gold Rings...................	4 "	10
5,000	Chased Gold Rings.................	4 "	11
10,000	Stone Set and Signet Rings..........	2 50 "	10
10,000	California Diamond Rings...........	2 "	10
7,500	Sets Ladies' Jewelry—Jet and Gold..	5 "	15
6,000	Sets Ladies' Jewelry—Cameo, Pearl, Opal, and other stones...........	4 "	15
10,000	Gold Pens, Silver Extension-Holders and Pencils..................	4 "	10
10,000	Gold Pens and Gold-Mounted Holders	6 "	10
5,000	Gold Pens and Gold Extension-Holders	15 "	25
5,000	Ladies' Gilt and Jet Buckles.........	5 "	15
5,000	Ladies' Gilt and Jet Hair Bars and Balls	5 "	10

ARRANDALE & CO., Manufacturers' Agents, No. 167 Broadway, New York, announce that all of the above list of goods will be sold for One Dollar Each.

In consequence of the great stagnation of trade in the manufacturing districts of England, through the war having cut off the supply of cotton, a large quantity of valuable Jewelry, originally intended for the English market, has been sent off for sale in this country, and MUST BE SOLD AT ANY SACRIFICE!

Under these circumstances, ARRANDALE & CO., acting as Agents for the principal European Manufacturers, have resolved upon a *Great Gift Distribution*, subject to the following regulations:

Certificates of the various articles are first put into envelopes, sealed up, and mixed; and, when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the certificate you will see what you are to have, and then it is at your option to send the dollar and take the article or not. Purchasers may thus obtain a Gold Watch, Diamond Ring, or any Set of Jewelry on our list for ONE DOLLAR.

Send 25 cents for Certificate.

In all transactions by mail we shall charge for forwarding the certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be enclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; one hundred for $15.

Agents.—We want agents in every regiment, and in every town and county in the country, and those acting as such will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to One Dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps.
ARRANDALE & CO.,
No. 167 Broadway, New York.

What the "Press" say of us.

Great Gift Distribution.—A rare opportunity is offered for obtaining watches, chains, diamond rings, silverware, etc., by Messrs. Arrandale & Co., at No. 167 Broadway. They have an immense stock of articles, varying in value, and all are offered at one dollar each. The distribution is very fairly done—you agree to take a certificate of a certain article, enclosed in an envelope, and are not required to pay your dollar unless you are satisfied with the article, which will certainly be worth more than that amount, and may be $50 or $100. An excellent mode this of investing a dollar.—*Sunday Times, N. Y. City, Feb.* 19, 1865.

Messrs. Arrandale & Co. have long been personally known to us, and we believe them to be every way worthy of public confidence.—*N. Y. Scottish American Journal, June* 11, 1864.

We have inspected at the office of Arrandale & Co.'s Agency for European Manufacturing Jewelry, a large assortment of fashionable and valuable jewelry of the newest patterns. We also noticed a large quantity of silver plate, and understand that the whole of these newly-imported articles are to be disposed of on a novel principle, giving great advantages to buyers, and affording extensive employment to agents. We know the firm in question to be very respectable and thoroughly worthy of public confidence, and recommend our friends to read their advertisement.—*N. Y. Albion, Sept.* 3, 1864.

By Messrs. Arrandale & Co.'s arrangement the advantages must be on the side of the customer, for he has every thing to gain, and nothing comparatively to lose. He knows what he will get for his dollar beforehand, and he need not send it if he is not satisfied.—*N. Y. Weekly News, Aug.* 6, 1864.

Employment for Ladies.—The most eligible and profitable employment we have heard of for ladies is the sale of certificates for the "Great Gift Distribution" of Arrandale & Co. A lady of our acquaintance has been very successful in this way, not only in filling her own purse, but also in doing a good turn to those to whom she sold the Certificates, as will be seen from our advertising columns. Gentlemen can also be thus engaged.—*N. Y. Sunday Mercury, August* 14, 1864.

In our columns the reader will find an advertisement of Arrandale & Co.'s Gift Distribution of watches, jewelry, and silverware. In payment of that advertisement we received several sets of the jewelry advertised, and we are warranted in saying that, both in finish and quality, they quite exceeded our expectations. They turned out to be just what they had been represented.—*True Democrat (Lewistown), August* 17, 1864.

The *British Whig of Kingston, C. W.*, say, Nov. 26, 1864, one of our lady subscribers became an agent for Arrandale & Co., and by request brought some twenty articles, sent as prizes for her agency, to this office for inspection, and without hesitation we can state that each and all of the articles were worth treble the amount of cost to the recipients, and some of them six times.

We have seen some very pretty specimens of Table and Tea Spoons, Gold Watches, Ladies' Chains, Pins, Bracelets, etc., which have been sent by Arrandale & Co. to this place for $1 each.—*Angelica Reporter, N. Y. State, Feb.* 15, 1865.

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For Lightness, Strength, and Durability they are unequaled. Office 638 Broadway, N. Y.

Our Legs can be adjusted when the stump is very short; in fact, none at all.

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At wholesale prices, sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of the price.

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